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Letter from Mr. Lewis Morris.

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PEMBRYN, CARMARTHEN,
Sept. 9th, 1887.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am much obliged to you for your note, and for the *Magazine of Music* with the notice of the Eisteddfod, which I have read with great interest. It is very intelligent and sympathetic, and I can quite understand your admiration as a musician of the magnificent choral competitions, which were the chief feature of the gatherings. The love for music, and that of the highest character, is indeed a very remarkable trait in the character of the working-class of Wales, and no doubt greatly contributes to the absence of crime and, indeed, of gross vice among them. It was a pleasant surprise to some of us to find that the Huddersfield and Nottingham choirs (the former more especially) were of such marked excellence; though it seems to me, as far as I could judge, that the Huddersfield people were drawn from a higher social stratum than the labouring men and women who represented Wales.—With many thanks, believe me, yours truly,

LEWIS MORRIS.

J. W. Coates, Esq., London.

Staccato.

—o:—

THE foregoing letter from Mr. Lewis Morris is one among many expressions of goodwill which we have received from Wales *à propos* of our recent article on the Eisteddfod of Caerludd. The veteran Mr. Henry Richard writes to us in equally gratifying terms; and Maelgwyn informs us that when he comes to London he means to have a cordial shake of the editorial hand. We shall be heartily glad to see him, and any of his brother bards who may honour us with a call.

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IN a kind notice in the *Cardiff Times*, Maelgwyn writes as follows:—

The reference to those "superior persons who poke fun at the Eisteddfod" is timely. The poor old Gorsedd has been denounced on all hands by those "superior persons" because they cannot understand its rites. None of them can find any real fault with the Gorsedd except that it is the symbol of an ancient custom. But it would be well for the English masses did they but look at their ancient customs with more affection. The good old practice of choosing and crowning the May Queen was in its way as picturesque as the proceedings at the Gorsedd, and yet the custom is nearly obsolete. Yet the person who would scoff at the revival of the May-day festivities must indeed be a person fit only to spend his life on some desert island "out of humanity's reach."

IT may not be generally known that it was for Nikita's *début* in London that Colonel Mapleson's season of Promenade Concerts was organized. But for Nikita, Her Majesty's Theatre at the present moment would still have been in the possession of the porter and the charwoman.

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IT was a bold attempt to run Promenade Concerts in opposition to Covent Garden. Except on the opening night, the audiences were at first comparatively small. But, in managers' phraseology, Nikita soon began to draw. Very little was spent in advertising. *The advertising was done by those who heard Nikita sing.* Each night's audience told their friends, and so on in geometrical progression, until crowded houses have ultimately been attained.

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COLONEL MAPLESON has, however, retired from the management of the concerts, in order to make arrangements for his forthcoming provincial tour. The concerts now form a sort of joint-stock undertaking, in which the orchestra have a direct interest. At the general meeting, at which the position of affairs was discussed, the orchestra said with one accord, "Give us Nikita, and we will go on, otherwise we must stop." The orchestra were right; the concerts could not have held their own against Covent Garden without Nikita's powerful aid.

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MEANWHILE we are glad to see that Covent Garden has not suffered. There is surely room enough for both. In the hurry and stress of life in London, there must be many who do not care to spend more than a shilling of their money or an hour of their time in an evening's amusement. To such the Promenade Concerts throw open their doors, and they are entering in ever-increasing numbers.

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AFTER completing her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, Nikita will commence in the middle of October a provincial tour which will extend till Christmas. It takes no prophet to foresee that Nikita's tour will be a triumphal progress throughout the land. In our present issue we introduce Nikita to the provincial readers of the Magazine, and we shall be surprised indeed if they are not anxious to make her further acquaintance as soon as they have an opportunity. The young Prima Donna goes to Berlin in January. From Berlin to Vienna, from Vienna to Milan, from Milan to Russia. Nikita will soon be known through the length and breadth of Europe.

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THE disaster at Exeter is a startling reminder that for once our traditional policy of *laissez-faire* is at fault. The burning of the Opéra Comique roused the Government and municipal authorities all over the Continent, and immediate and stringent action was adopted; in England we have done absolutely nothing. The evidence taken at the inquest in Exeter may be summed up in the word "happy-go-lucky."

It is to be hoped that "happy-go-lucky" has at last been dethroned.

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THE multitude of counsellors does not bring wisdom in this matter. The hundred and one suggestions are mostly good enough in their way, but they divert the attention from the main point. What is wanted is the electric light for the stage. Take away the gas-jets which blaze within a few inches of the flapping scenery, and the risk is reduced to a minimum. All the rest is cure, this alone is prevention.

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LAST month it was our pleasant duty to chronicle the Jubilee Memorial Festival at Melbourne. We have now received from Natal accounts of a similar festival, which was held at Durban in the end of July. A brilliant gathering assembled within Durban's splendid Town Hall to hear the Jubilee programme provided by the Durban Philharmonic Society, with a full orchestra under the able baton of Mr. MacColl. As the Mayor remarked, the music was a proof of the loyal devotion of the Port of Durban to the throne of England.

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THE concert was opened with the *Hallelujah Chorus*. Then came Handel's coronation anthem, "Zadok, the Priest." After a festival oration by Mr. Robinson, Dr. Stainer's *Jubilee Madrigal*, "The Triumph of Victoria," was performed, and the concert was concluded with an enthusiastic rendering of "God Save the Queen."

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AFTER discharging their duty to the throne in the morning, the colonists again assembled in the evening at a concert of the national melodies of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. The 1st Royal Enniskillen Fusiliers played national selections. Miss Stuart gave the "Bailiff's Daughter of Islington" and "Home, sweet Home." Mr. Wall was determined that the oaks of Old England should not be forgotten. His vigorous rendering of "The Brave Old Oak" and "Hearts of Oak" was much appreciated. The choir made a fair division of the national honours by singing "Oh, the Shamrock so Green," "The Men of Harlech," "Auld Lang Syne," "The Red, White, and Blue," and "Rule Britannia."

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NEXT year there will be no fewer than three Musical Exhibitions. In our issue for June we gave some account of the Exhibition at Bologna, which is promised for next spring, and we have also referred to the Exhibition at Amsterdam, which was to have been held this autumn, but has ultimately been postponed. It is now announced that a third rival will take the field at Warsaw. Italy, Holland, and Poland are certainly far enough apart, but it seems a pity that these Exhibitions should not have been held in successive years. Musical Exhibitions are yet in their infancy, and they require the fullest measure of international support. But how are Chopin's piano and Paganini's violin going to be exhibited in Bologna, Amsterdam, and Warsaw at one and the same time? This is a riddle for an Oedipus.



Nikita.

"Truth is stranger than fiction."



T was Saturday the 20th of August. The *Magazine of Music* had to be represented at the opening night of Colonel Mapleson's Promenade Concerts, and in obedience to the editorial fiat the writer entered the auditorium of Her Majesty's Theatre, shortly after nine o'clock. There was an obvious air of expectation. The programme showed that Nikita was soon to appear, and the audience was anxious to see and hear the young *débutante*. Promenading was suspended, and a closely packed crowd gathered in front of the platform. Eager faces followed Signor Arditto as he disappeared down the stair leading to the artistes' room, and there was a murmur of applause when he returned leading a charming young girl by the hand. For a moment Nikita's eyes remained cast down with a sweet air of modesty; then her face lit up with a winning smile as she commenced the recitative of "Deh! vieni, non tardar." At the first notes the listeners exchanged looks of delighted surprise. The voice had that undefinable sympathy which goes straight to the heart. The intonation was faultless. The upper notes were like a brook which ripples and flashes in the sunlight. The lower notes had the calm and even flow of a majestic river. Nikita is like the maiden of the fairy tale who scattered a shower of gold and diamonds whenever she opened her lips. She is one of Nature's songsters. As well inquire of the lark why she trills her carol in the clear sky, as ask Nikita why she sings. There was deep silence until the last note of Mozart's lovely air was reached; then the very walls of the Theatre were shaken with a storm of tempestuous "Bravos." Signor Arditto beamed with a kindly smile of congratulation; the orchestra

with tears.

I left the theatre with the conviction that Nikita was one of the singers of the century, a name to go down to posterity with Malibran and Jenny Lind, with Patti and Nilsson.

The Editor shared my interest in this new manifestation of the God-given gift of song, and so it came about that I found myself one fine afternoon at the house in a quiet street off Bedford Square, where Nikita is at present residing. I was ushered into a large drawing-room which looks towards the British Museum over some pleasant gardens. Nikita's music was lying on the piano, and her portraits adorned the mantel shelf. The card of the *Magazine of Music* never fails to ensure me a cordial reception, but I must confess that I was surprised at the exceptional kindness and courtesy with which I was treated by Nikita herself, her mother, and her uncle. Seated in one of those elegant rocking chairs which add so much zest to an American lady's conversation, Nikita's mother unfolded to me a history of fascinating interest, which might almost have been taken for romance had it not been substantiated at nearly every point by documents which Nikita's uncle fetched from the big Saratoga trunk in the corner. A large portion of what follows has not yet been published, and I cannot but feel extremely gratified that the *Magazine of Music* should be the medium through which this deeply interesting information is for the first time communicated to the world.

How Nikita acquired the name she now bears, shall be presently described. Her real name is Louise Marguerite Putnam Nicholson. She was born on the 18th of August, 1873, in the State of Virginia, and comes of a good old American

joined in the plaudits of the audience; and I may add that the voice of the *Magazine of Music* went to swell the chorus of enthusiasm. Nikita was recalled and again recalled. The storm of applause still raged. Virgil has drawn a striking picture of the man of influence and honour, the *vir pietate gravis*, who calms a surging crowd with a motion of his hand. Signor Arditto produced the same sudden calm by signifying that Nikita would sing again. The arch piquancy of Gomez? "Mia Picciarella" proved as charming as "Deh! vieni non tardar." The audience would in fact have gone on encouraging all night, if they had not been afraid of making too heavy a demand on Nikita's tender years. The same demonstrations were renewed in the second part, over Eckert's famous "Echo Song," and a climax was reached in "Home, sweet Home," which Nikita sang with a pathos so intense as to send a thrill through the frame and to fill the eyes

stock, being descended on the mother's side from Daniel Boone, the original settler of the State of Kentucky. At the age of four she was able to repeat any song she had heard, accompanying herself at the piano and even making improvisations. Her musical talent was rapidly developing, when at the age of five she was kidnapped by a tribe of wandering Indians. The incidents connected with her capture, her stay among the Indians, and her final restoration, are now well known; but I cannot refrain from quoting the *feuilleton* from the graceful pen of Charles Limouzin, in which the romantic story was first presented to European readers.

Nikita among the Indians.

At the age of five, Nikita was taken by her parents to the Falls of Niagara.

Now the Falls of Niagara are frequented not only by numerous visitors from all parts of the world, but also by certain tribes of wandering Indians. One day when Nikita was running about in the fields, out of her parents' sight and with no companions except the flowers, she came across a member of one of those tribes.

The Indian put on his very best smile and addressed the little girl in coaxing tones. The wolf became a lamb, and the transformation was so complete that Nikita was readily deceived. He pretended to run races with the unsuspecting child, and he had succeeded in enticing her near the spot where his tribe were encamped before she had any thought of danger. It was then too late. Poor little Nikita cried for help with all the strength of her childish voice, but her only answer was a mocking laugh. The Indian had secured his prey. On the arrival of the savage and his prisoner, the Indians struck their camp and resumed their wanderings.

Nikita passed five years in the midst of this Indian tribe, who, it must be admitted, treated their little captive with the greatest kindness. Her lovely voice, the essence of sweetness and harmony, had the power to soften even these wild wanderers. They invested her with a halo of sanctity, and night and morning her voice mingled with the prayers of her captors, now become her submissive slaves.

Nikita grew as the years passed away. Day by day her voice became more firm, her eyes more clear, her brow more fair, her smile more winning. She had just reached the age of ten when a strapping young fellow with bronzed skin and long glossy hair fell in love with her and asked her in marriage. I don't know if you are aware of it, but when an Indian falls in love, it's all over with him. This young fellow was no exception, and his passion for Nikita was frantic in its violence. To his misfortune, this passion found no responsive echo in Nikita's childish breast. At the first word of love she burst into tears, and implored him to leave her in peace. But this repulse only increased the desires of the savage, who, finding that entreaty was useless, determined to resort to force. But he now found himself confronted with the chief of the tribe. This venerable old man declared to his impetuous tribesman that the young girl in their midst was free to dispose of her heart. While he was alive no one would be permitted to violate her affections. Coming from an Indian, these were words of gold; but the unruly youth to whom these words of wisdom were addressed, did not receive them in the proper spirit. Assuming a threatening attitude, he answered that he would do as he pleased, and finally challenged the chief to combat.

We all know that an Indian never declines a challenge from whatever quarter it may come. A combat therefore followed, a combat furious, terrible, and relentless, in which the unsuccessful lover met his death. The gods had been against him.

The aged chief was also seriously wounded. Compelled to seek his bed, he soon found that his wound was to the death. Satisfied that his end was approaching, he bade his people gather round him, men, women, and children. Already agonizing in the throes of death, he made them promise that they would restore to her parents the child whom they had taken. A cross bearing her name, which the young pale-face wore suspended from her neck, would serve as a means of identification.

"Swear now," he added, "to do what I have commanded you." The people swore it with their oaths, and after a few moments of solemn silence, a short struggle, a whispered sigh, told that the soul of the old chief had quitted its material dwelling to rejoin the spirits of the Indians in their happy hunting ground.

This chief was named Nikita, and henceforth the young pale-face was known under his name. The savages kept their word. A search was commenced which ere long proved successful, and Louise Marguerite was restored to her friends. But sorrow was mingled with joy on that happy day. She was clasped once more in her mother's arms, but her father was dead.

must pause over a pretty little story which Mrs. Nicholson related to me, nearly in the following words:—

Just after Nikita's *début*, Nilsson came to Washington with Mr. Abbey's Opera Company. One forenoon we missed Nikita. However, she soon turned up again, with a couple of tickets in her hand. "Wherever have you been?" we said, "and where did you get these tickets?" "Oh, I've been to see Nilsson, and she gave me the tickets." "You extraordinary child! but however did you get to see Nilsson?" "I went to her Hotel." Well, to make a long story short, I must tell you that the child had managed to find her way to the Arlington Hotel. In reply to her question, the hotel porter told her that she couldn't see Nilsson. Then she proceeded to knock at every door until she came to Nilsson's room. "You are Nilsson," she said, "I'm the Miniature Patti." "Oh you are, are you?" "Yes, you are going to sing the Jewel Song from 'Faust' to-night. I sing it too, and I would like to hear you." "Very well, my dear child, but I would like to hear you." "My uncle doesn't allow me to sing without his permission." "Oh, doesn't he? Very well, here are two tickets for the best part of the house. You will hear me to-night, and I hope to hear you some other night." Now, I must tell you that Nilsson came to hear Nikita in Paris a month or two ago. She had not forgotten her little friend, and she is now one of Nikita's warmest admirers.

The tour of the Miniature Patti lasted about eighteen months. Mr. Le Roy organized a complete company for her, the "Miniature Patti Company," in which all the performers were under eighteen years of age. The company included a full orchestra, which Mr. Le Roy conducted, besides carrying on his niece's training, and making the necessary business arrangements. The company was everywhere received with open arms, and the progress of Nikita in Europe is now closely watched in many a New England town, where she won her earliest triumphs as the Miniature Patti. Her first appearance in New York was at the Academy of Music. There was an immense and distinguished audience, which included the President of the United States, General Hancock, General B. F. Butler, General M'Mahon, General Sheridan, the Justices of the U.S. Supreme Court, and other celebrities. Her success was such that, two nights afterwards, she was tendered a benefit by the officers and members of the Grand Army of the Republic, headed by George B. M'Clellan.

At last there came the second link in the chain. In January 1885, Patti and her Miniature were both touring in New England, and by a happy accident both came to Boston at the same time. Both were advertised side by side on the same boards, and on the same night the Bostonians had the privilege of hearing Patti at the Boston Theatre and Nikita at Tremont Temple. Patti was naturally curious to see her own Miniature, and she accordingly sent to Mr. Le Roy a note in the following terms: "Madame Adelina Patti presents her compliments to Mr. Le Roy, and would be pleased to receive La petite Louise Marguerite next Wednesday at two o'clock." At the appointed hour the Miniature Patti appeared with her mother and uncle at the Hôtel Vendôme. What happened I shall describe as nearly as possible in Mr. Le Roy's own words:—

When the door opened, Patti ran to receive my niece with open arms. "My dear child," she said, "I have heard of you everywhere I have been. See, I have prepared an audience for you." Colonel Mapleson, Mr. Levelli, Signor Arditi, and a number of artistes belonging to the Operatic Company were

present. "Now, if your mother will permit, I shall be delighted to hear you sing. I am told that when you sing the birds warble." I sat down at the piano, and Nikita commenced, "Ah ! fors e lui," from "La Traviata." This was the aria in which Patti had made her greatest sensation in her own young days. When the little one began to sing, Patti was seated near her. At every other phrase she nodded her head, whispering to Arditi, "That's right." When the aria was finished she said, "My dear child, you have sung that magnificently, and at your age I could not sing as well as you do." She then asked who had been Nikita's teacher, and on hearing that it was uncle, she said, "He has taught you well." The conversation was thus led on to the subject of musical training. Patti was asked at what age a girl should commence to sing, and she replied, "The training of a voice like this, which nature has exceptionally gifted, should begin at twelve." She then sang a few tones which I afterwards recognised to be taken from the course of instruction which M. Strakosch calls his "Ten Commandments." "I practised these at twelve," she continued; "but really trills and shakes came naturally to me, just as they do to this child." Nikita was asked to sing again, and she gave Arditi's waltz, "L'Estasi." While she was singing, Arditi kept breaking in with "Brava ! bravà !" and when she had finished he said, "My child, when I am an old man walking with a stick, you'll be the Prima Donna." Then came Colonel Mapleson's turn. He said in a half-jocular tone, "You come to me when you are in your fifteenth year, and I daresay I'll be able to engage you." This was an unconscious prophecy. Nikita entered her fifteenth year on the 18th of August, and on that day she stood with Mapleson, Levelli, and Arditi on the platform at Her Majesty's Theatre. It was the day of the first rehearsal for the Promenade Concerts. Mapleson had more than verified his prediction. But Arditi said he must take back his word. "I said that when I was an old man walking with a stick, you would be the Prima Donna. Well, I'm not walking with a stick yet, and you are the Prima Donna."

I will close my account of this act in the drama of Nikita's career with a facsimile reproduction of a letter from Adelina Patti, written shortly after the scene above described.



9th January 1885

My dear child,
As I told you and memory
when you were very young before me,
you are a good, and when you
will have learned without fatiguing
yourself for another year or two,
you may then come here back, and
the stage will be a field set aside
especially of a lyric artist.

Wishing you always courage and
patience, to the greater indispensable
to success I remain ever devotedly yours

Adelina Patti

Nikita with Patti's Teacher.

By the end of 1885 Nikita's mother and her uncle were prepared to take her to Europe in accordance with their long-cherished purpose. They sailed from New York for Havre on the 16th of December, and Christmas Day was spent on the ocean. Arrived in Paris, they found it was not an easy matter to obtain an instructor such as they desired. The third link in the chain was not yet found. One day in February 1886 Mr. Le Roy happened to call with Nikita at the house of Dr. Mitchell, the well-



Nikita as the Miniature Patti.

Nikita was now in her eleventh year. It was clear to Mrs. Nicholson that Nikita was marked out for an artistic career. She would herself have been an artiste if she had not been married young, and she was determined that her daughter should not miss her vocation.

Nikita was entrusted to the care of her maternal uncle, Mr. Le Roy, who is a cultured musician as well as an enterprising man of business, and in a few months she was ready to appear in public. Nikita's mother and her uncle were agreed that she should be taken to Europe to receive the best possible instruction, but it was necessary for this purpose that funds should be accumulated. Her *début* took place in the winter of 1883-1884 at Willard's Hall in the city of Washington. The young *débutante* sang the Jewel Song from "Faust," the beautiful cavatina from "Ernani" ("Ernani, Ernani, involami"), "Angels ever bright and fair," and Arditi's vocal waltz, "L'Estasi." The *début* was more than a success; it was a triumph. Talking of her performance of the cavatina from "Ernani," the *Washington Chronicle* referred to her as "The Miniature Patti." This was the first link in the wonderful chain of coincidences which has since been formed. Meanwhile Mr. Le Roy showed an enterprise almost more than American. He at once applied for a patent of the title, "La petite Louise Marguerite, the Miniature Patti," and in due time an official document, bearing the Great Seal of the United States, and signed "A. R. Spofford, Librarian of Congress," was received, in which a patent to that effect was granted for fourteen years!

The Miniature Patti now started on an extended tour, but before leaving Washington we

known Scotch dentist in the Faubourg St. Honoré. I hasten to explain that there was nothing wrong with the teeth either of Nikita or her uncle. The visit was social, Mr. Le Roy having obtained a letter of introduction from a mutual friend. Dr. Mitchell happened to be engaged with a patient. While they were waiting, Mr. Le Roy suggested to Nikita that she had better sing something. Dr. Mitchell heard the singing through the wall, but when he came into the room he refused to believe that Nikita was the singer until he had heard the song repeated. "Well, well; that is splendid. You ought to take her to Strakosch." This was the third link! "Strakosch?" said Mr. Le Roy, "I didn't know that *he* was in Paris." "Oh yes!" said Dr. Mitchell, "his wife, Madame Strakosch-Patti, is one of my patients. I must get you an introduction." From that moment Mr. Le Roy felt assured of Nikita's ultimate triumph. He saw the hand of Fate, or rather Providence, in these strange coincidences which seemed to link the name of Nikita with that of Adelina Patti. He had crossed the Atlantic in search of an instructor for the Miniature Patti, and the merest chance had pointed out to him the husband of Adelina's sister, the man who had made Adelina's career. From that moment Mr. Le Roy made it his single aim to secure for Nikita the instruction and support of Maurice Strakosch, and we shall soon see that his efforts were crowned with splendid success.

was the unblushing reply, "but in a few minutes I will introduce you." On entering the room where Nikita was sitting, Madame Strakosch-Patti, who is rather short-sighted, looked round for the Prima Donna. On finding that the Prima Donna was a child, her delight passed all bounds, and she there and then joined the band of conspirators.

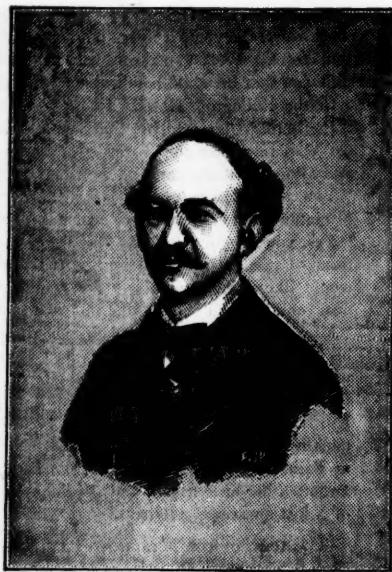
he has come home again, and this time we're sure to succeed." Nikita came as requested, and this time M. Strakosch went straight to work. "My child, I have Ten Commandments for you to learn." "But I learned those in the Sunday-school." "Not the Sunday-school commandments, but the Ten Great Commandments of Music."

M. Strakosch's Ten Commandments are a series of exercises which he learned from his own teacher, Madame Pasta. They contain exactly what is necessary for the perfection of the voice. Nothing more than these Ten Commandments is required, nothing less is sufficient. They are at once simple and short. M. Strakosch considers that elaborate exercises wear out the voice, and he restricts his pupils to one daily practice of his Ten Commandments. Including rests, the whole Commandments only occupy about half an hour. This is a short time for practice, but on no account must this half hour be missed. Adelina Patti learned the same Commandments when she was a child, and she still goes through them once every day in her castle at Craig-y-nos.

"I will learn ten times ten," said Nikita, "if you will only be my master." In a week she had learned them all. M. Strakosch grew more enthusiastic with every lesson. He had struggled for three long months, but he was vanquished at last. The veteran hung with delight on every sound that came from those maiden lips. If Adelina was the pride of his youth, Nikita became the solace of his age. He had given strict orders that Nikita was to sing nothing but his Ten Commandments. All her arias were in the meantime to be consigned to the cupboard. In a fortnight he had broken his own orders. He begged of Nikita to sing him an air. Nikita made a merry protest, she would only yield to *force majeure*; but at last she was prevailed upon to give him "Deh! vieni non tardar." After that he came to Nikita's rooms twice a day; hard work and the Ten Commandments in the morning, pleasure and Verdi in the afternoon.

To appreciate the full extent of Nikita's triumph, the reader must understand that M. Strakosch would never have given her a single lesson if he had not been persuaded that she was destined for a brilliant career. M. Strakosch is an impresario, not a music-teacher. He has, in fact, never made a franc by a music-lesson. Pasta's lessons were gratuitous. As the depositary of Pasta's traditions, M. Strakosch has given instruction for the sake of Art, and of Art alone. He has received many tempting offers from the Faubourg St. Germain, but nothing can induce him to swerve from the principle that his Ten Commandments are to be reserved for those that can make good use of them. It was thus with the intention of becoming Nikita's impresario that M. Strakosch consented to be her music-teacher. But there was to be no hurry. Nikita's uncle—hapless man!—made arrangements for her appearance at a concert in Paris, "with the permission of M. Maurice Strakosch." Unfortunately it was easier to advertise the permission of M. Maurice Strakosch than to obtain it. The permission of M. Maurice Strakosch was in fact absolutely refused, and American enterprise had on this occasion to take a back seat. Six months elapsed before Nikita was pronounced to be ready for her *début*. Meanwhile M. Strakosch had dropped hints of what was coming; and when all was ready, he made the following announcement:—

I have travelled for forty years over the world with celebrities, and had concluded that the hour for rest had sounded. My first impulse before hearing the voice of the charming little American was to refuse to accede to the solicitations of Mme. Strakosch. I heard her after some hesitation, and I must



M. MAURICE STRAKOSCH.



MADAME AMALIA STRAKOSCH-PATTI.

The first move was to win over what Mr. Le Roy termed the Power behind the Throne. We all know that Themistocles ruled Athens, and that Themistocles' wife ruled Themistocles. And so these arch-conspirators, Dr. Mitchell and Mr. Le Roy, concocted a plan by which it was hoped that the Power behind the Throne might be moved. Madame Strakosch-Patti happened to be coming to consult Dr. Mitchell the following day, and it was arranged that Nikita should sing in the next room. When Dr. Mitchell had exercised his professional skill on his patient's teeth, he gave a preconcerted signal. Now for the attack! At the first notes of Gomez' "Mia Picciella," Madame Strakosch-Patti sat bolt upright in the dentist's chair. "What a lovely voice!" she exclaimed. "Who is it? What theatre does she belong to?" "I hardly know,"

confess her first note captured me. I never heard such a marvellous voice before. She is a revelation—the incarnation of dramatic and musical genius, and the future opens itself before her brighter than it has ever for any star in the artistic firmament. She will be the greatest cantatrice the world has ever heard!

Nikita in 1887.

We have now come down to February 1887. It was agreed that Nikita should make her *début* in the Sunny South. Her appearance in a concert at the Casino in Nice was already announced, when the earthquake cast over the Sunny South an unwonted gloom. Nikita had arrived in Nice before the earthquake occurred, and she remained to sing, for the benefit of the sufferers. It will be to Nikita a pleasant recollection that the first-fruits of her training were offered for the relief of distress. Patti's first concert in New York, like Nikita's at Nice, was for the sake of sweet charity. The concert took place at the Cercle de la Méditerranée, on Saturday the 5th of March. The artistes who were with Nikita on the first day of her career as a great singer deserve some mention. They were M. Bjorksten, the Swedish tenor; M. de Vroye, flautist; Mme. Billamanette, pianist; M. Simonetti, violinist; and M. Oudshoorn, violoncellist. As for Nikita herself—well, she made the people forget the earthquake. The public poured upon her a shower of flowers, and the press laid at her feet an equally charming tribute of admiration. The *Gazette de Nice* wrote as follows:—

After our severe shaking, we are gradually recovering our equilibrium. During the carnival we were dancing over a volcano; is it not fitting that we should now adopt a tone more in keeping with our surroundings? Surely there is no one but would wish to help the unfortunate victims of the earthquake on the Genoese Riviera, and thus show a generous sympathy with the neighbouring nation which has been so cruelly tried. But we have also our own victims of the earthquake, not to speak of the poor whom we have always with us.

It was a happy idea of the Cercle de la Méditerranée to make an appeal to the charity of the public to meet these pressing wants; and since amusements may under certain circumstances become a form of benevolence, the best thing the Cercle could do was to invoke the aid of the divine art of Music, which has such a power of restoring calm and serenity to the human heart.

And as there is usually a run of luck when it comes, this charitable inspiration brought with it a brilliant manifestation in the realm of art. The 5th of March 1887 will be a memorable date in the musical annals of Nice; it will be a still more memorable date in the life of the young cantatrice who on that date made her *début*.

Mlle. Nikita, who was but yesterday unknown, will henceforth rank among the most brilliant of artistes. In years she is still almost a child, but she already possesses the maturity of finished talent. A voice of pure gold, extensive in compass, and of absolute equality in tone and power; an exceptionally gifted musical organization; a well-managed vocalization; elegant phrasing and exquisite expression; and with all these advantages, a sweet face and a charming manner.

Mlle. Nikita's first morceau was an air from "Le Nozze di Figaro" ("Deh! vieni, non tardar"),

which she sang with a dignity worthy of the name of Mozart. In "Knowest thou the land?" from "Mignon," she showed deep feeling and perfect delicacy of expression. "Elsa's Dream" from "Lohengrin" is at once dreamy and impassioned; it is moreover complicated with abrupt modulations. Mlle. Nikita exhibited considerable dramatic power in her rendering of this scene. She next sang with the sprightly grace which the subject requires, Gorodigiani's popular air, "Santissima Maria." Finally, in response to an enthusiastic encore, she gave a piece which was not in the programme, and which I unfortunately did not recognise.

Mlle. Nikita's kindness in adopting this mode of conveying her thanks was much appreciated by her enchanted listeners. The audience applauded as if they had forgotten that the earthquake must have left the walls in rather a shaky condition! If the audience were delighted with Mlle. Nikita, surely Mlle. Nikita must have been equally delighted with the audience. Flowers and applause—Nikita had both to her heart's content.

You will remember, my dear young lady, will you not, this splendid matinée? I cannot but think that there is some connection between your name "Nikita" and the name of the town of Nice, in which you have made your brilliant *début*. Etymology is right for once, as it assigns to both names the meaning of "Victory."

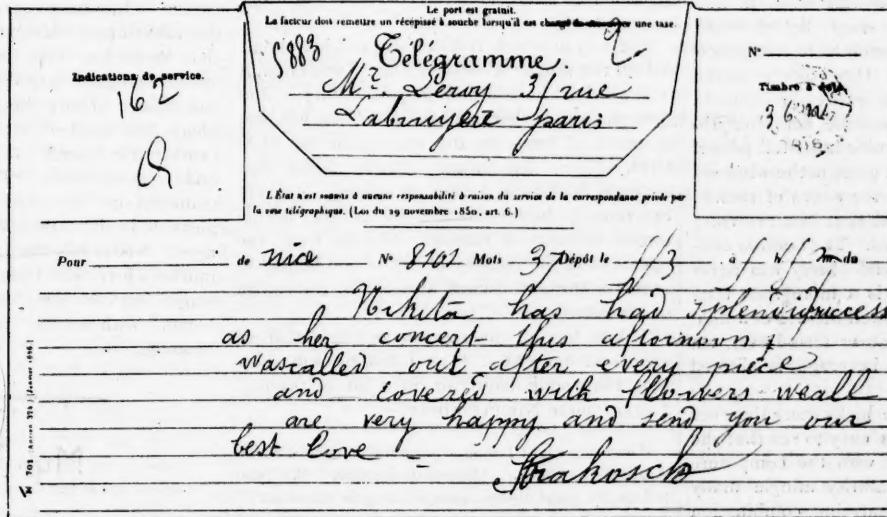
The telegram which is here reproduced,

kosch, "Would you mind sending round Nikita? I want to hear her." "Oh, I don't go about lending my artistes like that. You should go to her hotel." Nilsson went. But I should only weary the reader by attempting to enumerate the list of Nikita's Paris friends. It is enough to say that music, literature, art, and high social position are fully represented, and that many of the most distinguished names in France appear in the contents of her card-basket. Nikita's triumph had surpassed even the sanguine expectations of M. Strakosch. Her teacher now became her impresario, and pupil and maestro signed a contract for seven years. Nikita may be thought too young to undertake such a contract. But great singers have almost invariably come before the public at an early age. Malibran appeared on the stage in Paer's "Agnese" at the age of five! Patti commenced a concert tour at the age of eight! Sontag made her *début* at fifteen, Catalani at sixteen, Pasta, Grisi, and Jenny Lind at seventeen. Nikita is in good hands. Her mother, and the old maestro who loves her with a father's love, will see that neither her voice nor her health sustains any injury. Singing is indeed as natural to Nikita as to the birds. She sings with an entire absence of effort, and there seems no fear

that her powers will be unduly taxed. M. Strakosch has clearly no apprehension. The contract was only to take effect from the 1st of January 1888, but M. Strakosch was so anxious to start Nikita in her career, that he was unable to keep the date he had fixed. Coming over to London in July he had an offer from Colonel Mapleson, who proposed to organize a series of Promenade Concerts for Nikita's *début*. The chance seemed a good one, and, fortunately for us Londoners, it was accepted. The contracts were to commence on the 20th of August, and it was accordingly arranged that the contract between Nikita and her maestro should take effect from the 15th of August 1887, instead of the 1st of January 1888. The theatre, Her Majesty's, was that at which some five-and-twenty years ago M. Strakosch arranged that Patti should make her first appearance in Europe. Writing to Nikita on the 5th of August to announce the completion of his arrangements, M. Strakosch uses the remarkable words, "It seems to me like a dream." A dream indeed; may it also be a prophecy! I have endeavoured to describe the reception of Nikita in her *début* at the Promenade Concerts. The enthusiasm displayed on the opening night has been fully maintained, nay increased. Nikita expected to find the English cold—she has found them overflowing with enthusiasm; and the young American will ever retain a lively recollection of the hearty welcome she has received in dear old England.

Nikita at Home.

Nikita is a member of a very pleasant little household. To Mrs. Nicholson and Mr. Le Roy the reader has already been introduced. There is also M. Ferdinand Strakosch, the genial brother of Nikita's teacher and impresario, M. Ferdinand Strakosch is under the same spell of *



admiration as his brother. He has himself assured me that in all his career—I need hardly remind the reader how varied and extensive that has been—he has never met a singer who can be compared with Nikita. M. Ferdinand Strakosch makes the business arrangements, enjoying in this department the assistance of Mr. Le Roy, who moreover undertakes the sole responsibility for the continuance of Nikita's training in the absence of M. Maurice Strakosch. We saw that in America Mr. Le Roy was Nikita's only instructor. Patti said, "He has taught you well;" and Maurice Strakosch is evidently of the same opinion. In his letters to Nikita he is constantly telling her to keep up her practice with her uncle. Every morning Mr. Le Roy takes his niece through her maestro's ten commandments. If by any chance one morning the commandments are skipped, the result is noticeable in Nikita's voice at night. While Nikita is running through her commandments she holds up a hand mirror which enables her to see down the throat. Mr. Le Roy plays the piano accompaniment, and sees, or rather hears, the exercises are properly rendered. Calisthenics with wooden dumb-bells (weighing three-quarters of a pound), and gymnastics for the feet, are also included in Nikita's regular morning work. The latter are, of course, intended to teach her how to walk when in due time she appears on the stage, her ultimate goal. Nikita's training is such as to strengthen and develop her powers. Her voice is never forced. In fact, her uncle expressly instructs her in the meantime to reserve her strength. When she brings out her voice in its full power, you can see and hear the glass in the windows of the room vibrating with the waves of sound! We can readily understand that Nikita's voice needs no artificial stimulants. The familiar concoction of whipped egg and sherry has never crossed her lips. Nikita is a more than total abstainer—if I may be allowed the use of a mild Hibernianism. She has never tasted even tea or coffee, and her only beverage is filtered water.

On the platform Nikita looks more than her age, but in her home it is easy to see that she is still a child. At least with the composure and self-possession of maturity mingle many child-like ways in that charming combination peculiar to the transition from girlhood to womanhood. Her features have the mobility of youth, and her expression is ever changing. It is difficult to believe that the photographs on the mantel-shelf of Nikita's drawing-room all represent one person. The two portraits which are reproduced at the beginning of this article and in the supplement, are quite dissimilar, but they were both taken this summer. But, not to dwell on this variety in expression, I may remark that at Her Majesty's there is a strong light thrown on Nikita from behind the platform. This throws the face into shadow, and hardens the features. If Nikita were standing before a row of footlights she would look, not over, but under fourteen.

Nikita has the aptitude of youth. She learns quickly, easily, and never forgets. I remarked to M. Ferdinand Strakosch that she seemed to learn new music with great facility. "Learn it, sir? she *divines* it. She *grasps* the composer's idea, just as if she had written the piece herself. You know that in all music there is an undercurrent of expression which cannot be conveyed in signs. Why did Verdi have to attend day after day at the rehearsals of '*Otello*'? There was a *something* in the music that not even Faccio could see until it was pointed out to him. All this Nikita supplies for herself by instinct. The rendering of all those pieces you hear at the Promenade Concerts is Nikita's own. She is

left to interpret them just as she pleases, and I leave you to judge as to the result."

Seeing that Nikita *divines* music with such ease—in deference to M. Ferdinand Strakosch, I will give up the word *learns*—the extent of her *répertoire* is a matter of comparatively small moment. The reader will, however, be interested to know that at present it consists of about 200 pieces, and that Nikita also knows by heart about a dozen operas, such as "*Mignon*," "*Don Giovanni*," "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," and "*Fra Diavolo*." Nikita's pronunciation of French is perfect. Nikita was rather nervous on this point at her concert in Paris, for Parisian audiences will tolerate anything rather than the slightest peculiarity in pronunciation. She passed through the ordeal with success. The following little dialogue I will give in Nikita's own words. The reader must supply the Gallic gestures with which the words were accompanied:—

You know in Paris they think I am French. Just before I came over I went into a shop to buy some gloves. The young lady in the shop was very anxious to know where I came from, and I carried her on a bit. "*Êtes-vous Parisienne?*" "*Mais non.*" "*De Lyon?*" "*Mais non.*" "*De Bordeaux?*" "*Mais non.*" "*De Bruxelles?*" "*Mais non.*" "*Quoi donc?*" "*Je suis Américaine.*" "*Comment donc!*"

The way in which Nikita shrugged her shoulders at the words "*Comment donc!*" was enough to show that she is a born actress. When in due time she makes her operatic *début*, she will feel as much at home on the stage as on the platform. Nikita has indeed already shown that acting is as natural to her as singing. During her tour as the miniature Patti, she was accustomed to sing in costume-recitals from the operas, and the vivacity of her action helped to increase the enthusiasm aroused by the charm of her voice.

Nikita has all the roguish archness that we expect at her years. The following will show that the young lady can do a bit of teasing. I again quote Nikita's words:—

The other night I sang a piece for an encore which Ardit didn't know. Afterwards he said, "Will you tell me the name of that piece you sang for an encore?" I said, "Yes I will." He waited for a minute, and then said, "Well, won't you tell me the name?" I again said, "Yes I will." He was beginning to get quite cross, if dear old Ardit ever could get cross, when I took up the music and showed him on the cover, YES I WILL. It was Denza's well-known song. He was immensely tickled, and he has been going about ever since telling it to every one he met.

I am privileged to quote one of Nikita's letters. It was written from Nice at the time of the earthquake, to Mr. Le Roy, who was then in Paris, and had been very anxious about the safety of his niece:—

MY DEAR UNCLE ROY.—Your kind and loving letter we duly received and enjoyed, but we were very sorry to hear that you were worrying yourself to death. I practise with M. Strakosch every morning at the same hour, ten o'clock; he has just left. I am going to sing a duet with M. Bjorksten, the tenor, and I think it will take. It is by Gounod, "*Mireille*." Nice is such a beautiful place. I just wish you could see it. Our hotel is right in front of a park, and the casino is in the water, which makes it beautiful. We went to see Mrs. McKee, and you never saw a more surprised woman in all your life. She said how on earth did you get here? Then we told her all about everything, and the boys asked me if I spoke French. I told them Yes, I spoke French, Italian, and German. They looked very much surprised.

I am trying to get this letter in this mail, so I cannot say much. How are the cats? Have they

grown much? I suppose when we return, they will be great big booneys.

Good-bye, must stop. Lots of love and kisses.
NIKITA.

Give my love to Mrs. Strakosch with lots of kisses. Tell her there is no more danger, it is all over.

It will be seen that Nikita asks very kindly for her cats, her "booneys" as she calls them. They are two splendid white Angoras, who rejoice in the names of Venus and Adonis. They are trained to sit up like rabbits and to run after a ball; and Nikita has taught one of them to sit and strum at the piano. I must say I like to see young people fond of pets, as it is usually the sign of a warm-hearted and affectionate disposition. It is so with Nikita. Letters from every quarter testify to the affection with which she is regarded by all her friends. There is a tender solicitude in every page of the numerous letters which bear the signature, "Your affectionate old maestro, Maurice Strakosch." Writing from London on the 8th of July, he tells her to be sure to take a run out to Passy every day for the good of her health. Again he says, "Write to me often, if only a few lines;" and in a letter dated the 29th of July occur the following words:—"I have not ceased a moment to occupy myself with you, and I have the fullest confidence that you will make a most brilliant career. Only have courage and patience." It is the affectionate element in Nikita's disposition that keeps her from being spoiled by praises lavish enough to turn older heads. Her success she values chiefly because it enables her to please her teacher, Maurice Strakosch, or his brother Ferdinand. Nikita is a good daughter and a good niece. The excitement of her triumphs on the platform only increases her pleasure in the calm delights of domestic happiness. Nikita has the inestimable blessing of a mother's love, and I am confident that no great singer has ever sung the words, "Home, sweet home," with a fuller realization of their deep meaning.

R. J. MACKAY, M.A.

My Love.

—:o:—

I.
*My love is like a wild-rose
Bending in the air,
Every grace and feature
Far beyond compare;
In her cheeks the splendour
Of the new-robed morn,
All her glossy ringlets
Darker than the thorn.*

II.

*Not a thing would harm her,
Nor a creature wound;
Every day she passes
Are the woodlands tuned.
Lo! the fawn and squirrel,
Coyest of the coy,
Seek her in the meadow,
Track her steps with joy.*

III.

*Still on steps of music
Does she wend her way,
Every floweret weeping,
But to bid her stay.
But she may not linger,
For in hope and fear
While she seeks a lover,
Lo! I wait her here.*

W. D. FOSTER.

A Russian Violin.

BY HENRI GREVILLE.

—o:—

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"UGLY?" whispered Raben, when on the eventful day the young girl appeared on the platform. "Those who told you that have not looked at her. What hair! what eyes! what a sweet and pretty face! This Demiane is a happy rascal!"

"What?" said the Princess, turning towards him with a flash of fury in her brilliant eyes.

Raben smiled calmly, and put on his eyeglasses.

"See, too, Princess, how she divines his slightest intentions, how she follows the movement of his bow; he troubles himself no more about the piano than if it did not exist; it is she who watches everything, and who seems actually to belong to the violin. One must love a man very much to identify one's self with his fate!"

"Bah!" said Cleopatra, who had recovered her sang froid; "there is no love in that; it is purely mechanical."

"You think so? Look, they are applauding her hero, and it is she who blushes with pleasure. Do not fear that she will claim for herself the least share in his triumphs! She does not imagine that she has any right to praise; she enjoys that which the idolatrous crowd—brought here by you, my dear—lavishes on the man she loves. And that innocent, timid, happy glance which she bestows on him at the moment when he lifts his bow to recommence, is it not love? After all, perhaps I am wrong to take you for a judge in this; it is a sort of love that you cannot understand, an immaterial love which lives on itself, and expects nothing from the being loved! This is the sort of love for stupids; but you are too intelligent."

"Take care," said the Princess softly, and with her most charming smile; "do not chaff me, for I could easily get rid of you,—the Tcherkesses of the mountains do not think much of the life of a man."

"You dare not," replied Raben, with the same calmness; "you know that I can be very useful to you—my devotion to you is too precious.—But we both understand joking admirably, do we not?"

She smiled, and this smile displayed her white ferocious teeth. Helen, who was looking at her by stealth while playing, felt a strange shivering on seeing the expression of her face, and she skipped a note. A movement of impatience, very slight, but almost brutal, escaped from Demiane. She meekly bowed her head and played her best again.

"It is true," said Cleopatra; "she loves him in her stupid fashion, but he does not love her."

"How could he love her? He has many other things in his head. For him, she does not even exist."

The Princess smiled a second time, but her face had changed its expression, and wore for the future the appearance of peaceful satisfaction of a woman who adores music.

When the concert was over, Demiane received congratulations from several distinguished persons, and felt himself at last lord of the earth. It was a success which he owed to the Princess. He wished to tell her so, and thank her, but she had disappeared in the gardens. A little vexed, he turned towards Helen, who was arranging the music; she had already laid the violin in its box, and Victor held it under his arm, ready to start.

"Are you coming?" he asked, moving towards the door.

Demiane shrugged his shoulders angrily.

"One would think I could not go out alone! For goodness' sake leave me alone. It is intolerable to be thus kept in sight!"

At the beginning of this conversation, Helen had left the hall; her long train carried in her left hand, a little *bachlik* of white lace in her hair, she walked slowly down the garden, deserted at this hour, for every one had gone home to dinner. She walked with head bent among the flower-beds and waited for Victor, who, for the first time in his life, was speaking sharply to his brother. His sense of justice told him that Demiane richly deserved reproach, and yet, as a mother who chastises, weeping, her rebellious child, his heart bled for the culprit. Suddenly a rapid step was heard crunching the gravel; she lifted her eyes, and beheld the Princess Redine, who stopped short.

"Mademoiselle Helen!" said the grand lady condescendingly.

"Yes, madam," replied the young girl, bowing slightly.

"Would you like to come and play a little music this evening with me, if M. Markof is not too fatigued, that is? Do you think he can come?"

Helen looked straight at the Princess, and replied, in her clear sweet voice—

"I think that he will be happy to obey your orders, madam."

"And you—?"

"I accompany M. Markof whenever he is pleased to play," replied the young girl, not haughtily, but without satisfaction. After a very short silence, she added: "Since I have the honour of speaking to you, madam, permit me to thank you for the trouble you took in sending your maid to me."

"The gown suits you very well," said the Princess, examining her rival from head to foot; "a little quaint, but very pretty."

"Madame the Princess is very good," replied Helen, looking away.

Cleopatra looked an instant at the rival who received thus the advances of a great lady, saluted her with haughty gesture, then passed on. She felt herself wounded without knowing why, for nothing in the words or attitude of the young girl could furnish her with any pretext for irritation. She consoled herself by thinking that this little savage was ill brought up, and she promised herself to teach her how to behave if the occasion presented itself.

At the same instant, Victor ran along quickly and led Helen across the garden up to the carriage which was awaiting them.

"The violin!" said the young girl, seeing that the hunchback had not the precious instrument in his hands.

"Let him carry it!" sitting down in the carriage and slamming the door angrily; "let him carry it and return on foot! I will be no longer his servant! nor you either, Helen; you must no longer mend his linen; he is becoming intolerable with his haughty airs. But I am the elder, and I will not endure being treated thus. From this evening!"

"This evening we are going to the Princess," said Helen, putting her supplicating little hand on the arm of this avenger by right of age. "Please, Victor, do not scold him this evening; he will play badly, and you know what harm that will do him. He has such sensitive feelings!"

"The devil take his feelings! I have mine also, after all. And you, have you none?"

"My good Victor," replied Helen, "I beg you, if you love me, say nothing to him; it is a passing misfortune; he will return to us; he loves us."

At this she began to weep, and quickly covered her face with her two hands. She knew so well that he did not love her. The carriage stopped; she quickly dried her eyes with her little handkerchief, and stepped to the ground with a tranquil and resigned air. She had long learned to control her feelings. But who for this would dare to accuse her of hypocrisy?

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE Princess had invited for that evening all the best people in Piatigorsk. She knew very well that whenever a day has been marked by any great event, nerves are at a higher tension, minds more animated, men are wittier, and women prettier; it seems that every one has a surplus of spirits to expend, a rare thing in ordinary life. One had no need of a special invitation; two great lanterns at the garden gate announced that there was a reception at the Villa Redine, and all who ordinarily had access to it, could present themselves.

Demiane went with Helen; he would have preferred to go alone, but he was in that condition when the least wishes are orders. Up to then he had been in a state of the most vague uncertainty; sometimes he dared to hope everything; generally he fell from heaven the moment after, recalled to reality by a disdainful movement, an absent smile, an icy glance which threw him into the most desolating perplexities. Since he was in a complete state of moral servitude, near a woman whom he passionately loved and to whom it was impossible to address a word of love, he could but obey her caprices.

He arrived there about ten o'clock, uneasy and discontented, but firmly hoping that, at least for his future, this evening would have some result. The calculating spirit which in Demiane ran side by side with his artistic sense, whispered in his ear that his presence in the midst of so many distinguished persons could not fail to create for him useful relations; our friend knew too little of the world to understand that in asking Helen to accompany him the Princess had placed him in the rank of an artist simply come to charm the audience, not of a friend received on the footing of intimacy.

The Princess received the two artists with unequalled grace. Demiane had never been so well received. It is true that Helen herself was almost as well received; but it is easy to suppose that one compliments your friends for love of you, and this was what our modest artist did not fail to tell himself.

"I wished," said Cleopatra, while conducting them to the piano, "that the Prince, deprived of the concert to-day, should still have his little share of artistic enjoyment. He would have truly been too disappointed to hear us speak of such a treat and not to hear the slightest echo of it."

The Prince growled an assent. Next to sweets, music was what he loved best in the world; and they made a circle to listen.

Helen sat down upon the stool—a veritable stool—with a desperate resolution. Until then she had made a sacrifice of herself, forgetting herself for Demiane, happy to exalt him and forgetting that she had any value in herself. This value she knew that she possessed; but what was the good of letting it be seen? The necessity of no longer being a shadow, of becoming also a star, had appeared to her while walking in the garden, when she had met the Princess. "They shall not tread on me," she had said. "I shall prove to them that I am not what they think; and—who knows?—perhaps he will love me better himself for it."

After having heard her play the first few bars

of the prelude, they all looked at each other. It was not thus that she had played in the morning. Who had believed this little accompanist capable of so much decision, of so much individuality! She continued, and, strange to say, the talent which she developed was so extraordinary, that it for the moment threw Demiane's into the shade. He felt it, and anger mounted to his brow. "Ah, would you play better than I?" he said to himself; "we shall see if you can manage it."

It was no longer the submissive accompaniment, destined to enhance the value of the violin; it was a struggle between two instruments, a passionate struggle, in which Helen had the upper hand; for she was struggling for her dignity, for her love, while Demiane was only struggling for his pride.

They were covered with hearty applause—they love music enthusiastically in Russia. And the Princess, addressing herself to Demiane, said to him, in a tone which he had never before heard,—

"You have surpassed yourself!"

Raben, who had softly approached the piano, said to little Helen, quietly, while his voice was lost in the hum of conversation,—

"You have an amazing talent. Play something by yourself; it will please the Princess."

Helen looked at him with an undecided air, then glanced at the group which surrounded Demiane, and shook her head.

"No, sir," she said, "I am here to accompany M. Markof, not to play myself."

Raben took off his eye-glasses, offered a chair to the little pianist, and remained standing before her.

"I compliment you, mademoiselle," he said to her with as much deference as if she had been the possessor of a grand old name, "you show an unusual tact and modesty."

She received this praise without being disturbed. There are times when the simplest maiden feels herself above everything—criticism or praise; that is when her life's happiness is in peril.

"You are very friendly with M. Markof, are you not?" continued Raben. "You should warn him not to give himself up to the pleasures of the world; more than one has lost his talent, his faith in himself, and many other things besides. Do you understand me?"

She looked at him in a frightened way, then made a sign with her head.

"Do not be afraid; your friend is running no personal danger at any rate; but the danger may be in the future. At M. Markof's age one should work hard, not think one's self already perfect, seek to do better, and above all, live in the bosom of his family, in a peaceful home in the midst of domestic happiness. Your mother is still alive, I believe?"

Helen made a gesture of assent, but did not speak; she felt her heart bursting, and dared not.

"You should form one united family—you who have influence over M. Markof."

"No," she said quietly, but firmly, "I have no influence over M. Markof."

He looked at her kindly, but with surprise.

"Take care to gain it," he said, "you will do him much good. Excuse my freedom, mademoiselle, I have no right to speak to you thus; but at my age one considers young girls like yourself as children."

Raben never spoke of his age, and the Princess would have laughed heartily if she had heard this new language. New, indeed, from all points of view, for Raben himself felt for this young girl a strange sentiment, which much resembled a tender pity. Although one may be a diplomatist, there remain in the heart some

springs not dried up, which are roused when one least expects it, reviving feelings which one had thought destroyed. Raben had just discovered some such feeling.

"I pass for a wicked man," he said to Helen, perhaps to excuse his unaccustomed sensibility. "I am sometimes, but never with children and old people."

He rose, smiling, and went to rejoin the group where Demiane was triumphing, leaving the little pianist to follow him with an uneasy glance.

They commenced to play again; but Helen had no longer the animation which had at first possessed her; she acquitted herself of her task tastefully, with talent, but in such a manner that Demiane could afford to pardon her for her previous playing. About midnight, warned by a glance from Raben, Helen said to the young artist—

"Is it not time for us to go?"

He looked around, saw that they were forgotten, and understood that the time for their departure had come. Approaching the Princess, he would have addressed to her some words of thanks. '

She interrupted him without listening.

"To-morrow morning at ten o'clock," she said, "we shall resume our studies, shall we not? Good evening, mademoiselle, and thank you for coming."

And she gracefully turned her back on them.

The next day, on awaking, Helen found in a jewel-case which the Princess's footman had brought for her, a gold ring, set with turquoisees; she looked at it for some time, and offered it to Victor, saying,—

"It will make you a scarf pin."

He greatly wanted to refuse, but, on reflecting, said to himself that they would ask what had become of it, so he put it in his pocket without further ceremony.

CHAPTER XL.

TEN o'clock struck when Demiane, who had not yet learned the great art of not being quite punctual without keeping people waiting too long, crossed the steps of the threshold of the Villa Redine. The antechamber was deserted, so was the drawing-room. He took a few steps up and down, then sat down in an arm-chair a little impatiently. He never had such a reception before; the Princess was always there, the antechamber was full of servants; this morning the house seemed asleep.

In a minute a maid made her appearance.

"The Princess is a little fatigued. She begs you to play in her boudoir."

Demiane took his violin-case and followed the maid along a series of rooms differently decorated, and which he did not recognise. Through a window overlooking the garden, he saw disappearing in the distance the Prince's garden chair, which was being wheeled to some cool and shady place in the recesses of the valley. At last the door appeared, the maid gave two little knocks, and going in first, was followed by Demiane, who stopped on the threshold.

"Close the door," said the Princess, smiling; "you are making a draught."

He obeyed mechanically; the maid had disappeared, he did not know where, and he was alone with the Princess, in a large room with a lofty ceiling, hung with silk brocade from the Caucasus, of lovely and harmonious colours. Some gilding here and there, a beautiful Venetian glass in a crystal frame, a grand piano, and some small pieces of furniture of various shapes. Numerous vases, and in these vases enormous bouquets of freshly cut roses, which shed abroad

the odour peculiar to these flowers when freshly cut, an odour which soon fades, and becomes as sickly afterwards as it is sweet at first.

She looked up at Demiane's anxious face.

"I am not ill," she said, in answer to his glance, "but I am tired of being always under arms. Would you wish me to refuse to see you en deshabille—as a friend? Sit down there."

He sat down at a little distance, and seemed to feel very much embarrassed. This friendship, the amiable familiarity of her reception, left him thunderstruck; it contrasted strangely with the manner in which he had formerly been received. However, he had something to say, which his true and honest nature could no longer contain, and he spoke:

"I am much indebted to you, Princess," he said; "you have encouraged, guided, and protected me. Yesterday was a stepping-stone in my life, and it is to you that I owe it. Permit me to express my gratitude to you."

Cleopatra smiled.

"Child!" she said, "what a child! You are amused with a baby's rattle. A little vanity satisfied, is it not a claim to gratitude?"

He would have replied; she stopped him with a gesture.

"Now," she replied, "let us speak of something else. Why did you not tell me that you were engaged to Mademoiselle Helen?"

"I!" cried Demiane, springing up with sincere vehemence—"I do not even know the colour of her eyes!"

"She knows very well the colour of yours!" replied the Princess, smiling. "So you wish to make me believe that you are not fiancé?"

She stopped by a movement of her hand the passionate defence which Demiane was about to utter.

"You should not allow it to be so openly announced. I understand that in private you attach no importance to demonstrations which are after all but childishness; but in public you should counsel her to show a little prudence."

"Little Helen?" said Demiane, expressing thus his contempt for the poor child; "affianced to her? Pardon me, Princess, I do not understand!"

"You are not going to pretend," replied the Princess, looking at him with a malicious joy, "that you do not know that she loves you."

"She loves me? What! little Helen?"

"It is so plain that I retract my doubt of the sincerity of your astonishment!" said the Princess, enchanted at her success.

"She is an idiot!" cried Demiane.

"Not such an idiot! She has known how to discover your merits; that is a proof of her intelligence. Then you do not love her?"

"Never!" cried the young artist emphatically.

"That is a pity."

"Why?"

"Because—because, I'm afraid it proves you to be a lady-killer."

"Oh!" said Demiane in a disdainful tone, meant to imply that little Helen was as nothing to him. Emboldened by the Princess's manner, he added, "You know well that I can love no one around me"—

"You have not taken me into your confidence," said Cleopatra ironically.

"Do not mock me," he said, his lips trembling with emotion. "If you treat me coldly afterwards, it will be bad, Princess, very bad; you know it well!"

She smiled and looked at him again; she lifted herself a little on her elbows, and was quite near him, her eyes fixed on those of the young man as though she sought to read there something new.

"You are quite a child," she said softly;

great artist, a man of genius, but a child.—What more shall I tell you?"

He approached her, fascinated; she half-closed her eyes and said still more softly,—

"And that is why I like you."

To how many others had Cleopatra said that they were geniuses? It was her way of winning them, and with her was always successful.

CHAPTER XLI.

DEMIAINE passed the rest of the day in walking on the mountain. He had need of air and movement to re-establish the equilibrium of his mind. So many different impressions filled his head, so many new sensations made his heart beat, that he could not return home without reflecting on the new turn which his career had just taken.

He walked for two or three hours aimlessly, then sat down on a stone seat, under the shelter of some straggling bushes, in a solitary and desolate place. He saw before him a plain, with a brook, whose dried-up bed was lined with pebbles, making a grey track in the already short and fading grass. He was tired with his long walk, but still more tired of the feeling which weighed him down.

"She mistrusts me," he said, taking his head between his two feverish hands; "she has accepted my love, and yet she has no confidence. What have I done to merit this? What enemy has been making mischief?"

The cold clear profile of Raben crossed his mind, and he started, thinking he had made a discovery. He disliked Raben because he was too intimate with the Princess. While saying to himself that she could never have loved him—the forty-eight years of the diplomatist seemed so prodigiously old to the twenty-four years of Demiane!—he found in the evident intimacy of these two persons something to feed the jealousy which was rankling in his heart. He said to himself that Raben had done him an ill turn, and he immediately seized hold of him with that extraordinary perception which novices to the world sometimes show.

He told himself again and again that the Princess did not love him. But if she did not love him, why was she always at home to him? The problem offered was not one of those which Demiane could solve, and, as nothing is more humiliating than the confession of ignorance, he evaded it.

"She loves me," he thought; "but she knows the ordinary fickleness of young people, and she conceals her tenderness in order to make me value it more."

He entered the house prepared to receive a sermon, for night was falling and he had not appeared since the morning. To his great surprise they all received him as if he had never left them, without showing any surprise or inquisitiveness. In spite of his astonishment he accepted this amiable welcome very quietly; but about ten o'clock he felt irresistibly drawn towards the Villa Redine. He found the Princess in a grand evening toilette, smiling as usual. She welcomed him very calmly, and ordered a waiter to bring him a cup of tea.

He had indeed believed that she could control herself, but not so far; that she could feign indifference, but not so naturally; and the same feeling of sadness which he had that morning experienced, passed over him now like an icy wind. Soon his eyes sparkled, courage returned to his heart; the Princess wore a rose in her breast,—one of her boudoir roses, no doubt,—and it was to remind him of his dream of the morning.

"You have the air of one bewitched, M.

Markof," said Cleopatra carelessly, for she saw him very well, and feared that he would do something foolish in his ignorance of the world. "Some good fortune must have befallen you to-day."

"Good fortune indeed, madam!" replied he in a tone of voice which annoyed the Princess much.

"He looks like a green youth from the Theatre Michel!" she thought with vexation. "Good gracious, how stupid he is not to understand!"

"I bet," said Raben, who was observing the two from his arm-chair, and had discovered that he might enjoy himself at the expense of the young man as well as by Cleopatra's vexation, "I bet that you made a good sum yesterday?"

"I believe so," replied Demiane, reddening with anger;—"why must this man remind every one here that he gained his living by his violin?"—"I know nothing about it, to tell you the truth," he continued; "my brother sees to that."

"I suppose our neighbour, the Shah of Persia, must have sent you a decoration by telegraph," replied the Princess.

She turned her back on him, and went to her husband, and Raben approached him carelessly.

"I have called on you so many times," he said to Demiane, "and, to my great regret, have never found you at home. There will be a concert given soon for the benefit of the wounded in the Caucasus; you will not refuse us your help?"

Demiane bowed without speaking, and Raben examined him closely through his eye-glasses. This examination satisfied him, no doubt, for it did not last long, and he commenced a musical conversation with the young man, whom he astonished by the extent of his knowledge. Though our friend remained very reserved, because of his preconceived idea that Raben was his enemy, he could not help feeling that a less courteous enemy would have left him at the mercy of Cleopatra's ill temper; and if he did not feel much love for him, he could not help esteeming him.

CHAPTER XLII.

IT is a generally received opinion that every day has its morrow, but Demiane's dream seemed to be an exception to this rule, for during three whole days he did not again meet the Princess, except in the most formal and frigid manner.

The sense of independence, carried to a high degree with this young man, revolted at the slavery in which Cleopatra kept him, and Demiane's love began to be mingled with a feeling of irritation.

In the republican ideas of this revolutionary, who had never studied politics, the Princess, in opening her arms to him, had made him her equal; for the future it was no longer the Princess Redine and the violinist without fortune or birth—it was simply Demiane and Cleopatra, as if it had been Daphnis and Chloe. This theory would find many opponents, but Demiane cared little for that.

On the evening of the third day he wrote a passionate letter to the Princess, in which he accused her of mocking him, and of having no heart.

On reading this singular *billet-doux*, Cleopatra, instead of laughing, closed her eyes, and remained plunged in profound meditation. It displeased her; she did not mean to own any one as her master, whoever he might be, and, least of all, this unknown musician, whose only claim upon her consisted of having passed two hours in her boudoir. Never had such a thing occurred to her in the course of her existence; but it was because until then she had only received homage

from her equals—from men of the world who knew just how much to say and what to leave unsaid. Demiane was not a man of the world; he had a superficial veneer of civilization; he certainly knew how to come, to go out, to speak, or to walk, like any one else; but the undisciplined boy, who had fled from his paternal mansion instead of returning to school, found himself ill at ease in the world. It was this unconventionality which caused his originality; it was perhaps this which made the Princess notice him; but it was a charm which might become a danger; and Cleopatra, for an instant, was sorry she had not foreseen it. It was the first time in her life that she had felt a sentiment akin to regret, and she was surprised at it; but her new *protégé* had many other astonishing things in reserve.

The next day, calling, as before, at ten o'clock, he was conducted to her boudoir, where he found the Princess standing up, dressed in a Persian silk of a severe colour, with a disdainful air, prepared to give him a lecture on the want of manners of his letter. She expected to see him come as a penitent madly in love, begging her pardon for his cruelty, and imploring permission to kiss her hands, which would give her the rare and exquisite enjoyment of feeling him absolutely in her power. Her expectation was disappointed.

"How dare you write me such a ridiculous letter?" she said to him.

"And you," replied Demiane; "how dare you treat me as a stranger after what has passed?"

She trembled, and looked him in the face with a movement like an adder taken from its nest; she saw two flaming, angry eyes, which had not the least expression of fear in the world. They looked at each other for an instant. Demiane was not abashed. It was not that he felt any tenderness for her; little he cared what she thought; what he wished of her was what she had already given him, the double intoxication of love and pride. Demiane looked so beautiful in his menacing attitude, that the Princess could no longer keep him at a distance. She commenced to laugh, and sat down in the arm-chair. He sat down opposite to her.

"You are in very bad taste, my dear," she said, still laughing; "one does not do things thus."

"What does not one do thus? To my mind, one should not say to a man, 'I love you,' and show him the cold shoulder for three days like a dog!"

"I would have you remember that you have been received here every evening."

"In your salon," interrupted Demiane, shrugging his shoulders. "With your friends—with Raben, whom I detest."

"Why do you do the Count this honour? Because he is courting Mademoiselle Helen?"

Demiane looked at the Princess in astonishment.

"Then you know nothing of it? Leave them alone; what does it matter to you?"

"It does not matter to me," he replied, having recovered his composure. "You receive me in your salon as a stranger; it is here that I would be received."

"The king says, 'Nous voulons,'" said Cleopatra ironically.

"Your French diplomacy," replied Demiane roughly, "will not make any difference. I am a Russian, and I speak to you in Russian. You mock me, and I will not be mocked."

"Then do not be so ridiculous," said the Princess, smiling. "Is that all you have to say to me?"

"At present," grumbled Demiane, who felt himself overcome by her irresistible smile.

"And after?"

"And after, that I love you, which you know well, that you amuse yourself in torturing me. I have asked myself twenty times since the other day if I have not been dreaming."

She gathered herself up, crossed her arms, and half-closed her eyes.

"That is so," she said in a soft and bewitching voice; "we should always think we dream."

"Why?"

"Because one can go to sleep again; and then the dream recommences."

Demiane embraced her tenderly, and departed.

When she was alone, the Princess walked up and down her boudoir.

Stopping before her cabinet, she took from it a beautifully-carved ivory paper-knife, which she bent in her fingers like a piece of whalebone. This toy seemed to soothe her irritation; but suddenly it snapped asunder, and the two pieces flew to right and left.

"No," she said, almost aloud, without bestowing a thought on the broken toy. "If he behaves like this, it will be insupportable; I will not stand it."

She rang, and her *déjeuner* was brought in.

CHAPTER XLIII.

DEMIANE, calmer as he recognised the strangeness of his situation, commenced to look around him. Many things which had before been passed by unperceived in the tumult of his thoughts, returned to him now, and provoked his serious reflection. A word thrown out by Cleopatra during their first conversation in the boudoir had first astonished, then flattered him; and afterwards he had come to doubt the truth of the Princess's statement.

Helen loved him, she had said; certainly it did not look like it! Since the famous *sotiré* at the Villa Redine, little Helen had seemed to carry herself more independently; she had not ceased to be sweet and obliging; but in her manner, as well as in her playing, she seemed to show a more marked individuality.

If Demiane had known what was the cause of this changed manner, his antipathy for Raben would have increased; happily he was ignorant of it. When the diplomatist had visited our friend's house, he had not found Demiane at home; he knew that he was absent. He had chatted for a long time with the three other members of this odd company; and he was convinced of the complete honesty of this little world, so Bohemian in manners and bourgeois in instinct. In the presence of Madame Mianof, who had sat with them for about half an hour, he had counselled little Helen to break through her foolish timidity; he had persuaded her that she had the making of a distinguished pianist, and that she ought to play a solo at the projected concert for the benefit of the wounded in the Caucasus. Vainly the young girl alleged her inexperience and even her incapacity. Raben had not passed twenty years of his life in all the Courts of Europe, without being able to overcome such scruples as these; he obtained her promise to play a solo, and withdrew, enchanted. He felt that he was doing a good work, or at least what he was pleased to consider as such; and this occupation, different from that which up to the present had won him so many honours everywhere, was to him quite a novelty.

If Demiane had not been told of this conversation, it was because during the week which followed they had scarcely seen him, and when he had favoured them with his company, he was either overcome with *ennui*, or with exuberance of spirits, which left no opportunity for any one to talk but himself, or else with a haughty dignity

which announced to his friends how much he was their superior. But when he had calmed down a little, he perceived that little Helen was much less with him than before, that she worked hard at her music, and that between the three friends a sort of tacit understanding reigned, by which they were quite at home in his company, but showed him that he was not necessary to their happiness. It was Victor who had thought of this means of showing Demiane that he was wrong.

It proved nothing to him, however, because those who are in the wrong never admit proofs. But the young artist was piqued to find himself thus excluded from the family circle, and tried to resume his old place which the others, in deference to his talent, had allowed him to take.

He met with resistance, soft as the silken cord with which grand Viziers have been strangled by the Sultan's orders; their faces were always smiling, their manner agreeable, their actions full of friendship and forethought, but everything said to him clearly, "You have friends elsewhere, go to your friends, my dear Demiane, your absence does not inconvenience us at all, do not for politeness' sake give us time which you could better employ elsewhere."

He had tried to show them that his time belonged to himself, that he had no friends elsewhere; the silken cord still remained between himself and the others, who appeared, moreover, perfectly happy. When they brought the concert programme to him in order that he might write down the names of the pieces which he would play, he read with astonishment, "Grand Polonaise by Chopin, to be played by Mademoiselle H. Mianof."

"You!" he said to the young girl, who with her work in her hands heard His Highness' expression with sorrow. She replied with the gesture usual to her.

"You do not know what you are doing! To play a solo before all those people!"

"Do you think that I am not capable?" she said to him in the coquettish manner which was none the less charming because it was so new to her.

"I think," he replied, disappointed without knowing why, "that if you had not been capable you would not have exposed yourself to a public fiasco. But you have always professed such a repugnance to playing solos. I should never have thought you had had time to change your ideas."

"It does not take us long to change many ideas," replied Helen calmly, but blushing at her own audacity.

Demiane looked at her in astonishment. Had this little girl divined his feelings for the Princess, or was she alluding to her own fancy for him which she had so well conquered? The thought that he might have been loved even by little Helen, but that it was no longer possible, was extremely unpleasant to him. It was not that he cared for this little girl, but if, after having loved him, she could so easily forget it, that was the annoying part of it. What had he done to deserve this? The most careful examination of his conduct proved to him that he had not merited it in the very slightest degree. His feelings for Cleopatra had absolutely nothing to do with those of his friends; that was clear as day!

"What did you say?" he asked her, thinking that this question might perhaps enlighten him.

"Indeed," she replied, vexed at having to repeat herself, "one has ideas, but they change; is it not so? It is not very rare. It happens to every one, to yourself."

"It is not so with me," replied Demiane, with that gravity which he had acquired at the Villa

Redine; "my ideas have not changed, it is yourself."

Helen was somewhat disconcerted with this firmness; she made a desperate plunge, which brought her face to face with the burning question.

"Well," she said, betraying herself, "no doubt, one has foolish ideas sometimes. One perceives them, and then one does one's best to get rid of them—and—"

"And one succeeds?" asked Demiane, approaching her. A sudden interest had just seized him, at the thought that this poor child had conceived the heroic thought of struggling with the love with which he inspired her. Helen underwent a cruel struggle; to lie seemed odious, and it was moreover impossible; to say the truth was less odious but equally impracticable. She tried twice to pronounce a "Yes" which suffocated her, and to stop a "No" which strangled her. At last she found in her despair a middle course.

"Yes," she said, while her eyes said "No."

"Ah!" said Demiane, strangely moved, "you are brave, Helen."

"Oh no!" she replied, calmly turning round.

He was silenced for a moment; she was brave, since she brought so much courage to her defence. Poor little girl! he might have guessed it! How could she resist the daily presence of Demiane! Demiane whom Princesses admired! At the recollection of the manner in which he had been treated by his *soi-disant* conquest, he could not help feeling a little disappointment.

"This is how I should be loved," he said to himself. "What a pity that all the love is in the wrong place and none in the right!"

"Helen," he replied, after an instant, "you are a good girl. I have a great esteem for you. I did not understand you. Now I shall be more just with you."

She replied with a feeble "Thank you."

"You are right," replied Demiane, carried away by his generosity, "quite right to wish to play alone; you must make a name. You shall give a concert when we return to Moscow; I shall play for you as you have played for me."

In his grand manner he held out his hand to Helen; he hardly knew what he expected; but he would not have been surprised to see her weep tears of gratitude. What was his amazement at finding himself shaken off like a man by little Helen, who shook hands with him heartily and said joyfully, "Thank you, Demiane."

"Demiane!" so coolly! And to shake hands like an Englishman? He was so astonished at it, that he took his violin and played scales for at least an hour before he recovered his spirits.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MY DEAR DEMIANE.—It is not to you that I am writing, but to your brother, for in your reply you forgot one thing, which was to tell me your future address. Victor is a practical man, fortunately. Be so good as to tell me how I could have continued to correspond if I had not had the brilliant idea of writing a second time since your arrival at Piatigorsk! But above all, let me congratulate you on the good fortune which has followed you in this happy region, at the foot of the most beautiful mountains in the world, and at the feet of the most beautiful Princess in the universe. But do not disturb yourself, I shall say no more about it; you have already quarrelled with me once about this grand lady. The lesson shall be useful to me.

Let us speak of myself. Myself is an inexhaustible and charming subject. Imagine to yourself, my friend Victor,—it is to Victor alone

that I am speaking,—imagine to yourself that my situation is not changed one iota since my last letter. I am a fixture here like a china dog, for there is no reason to suppose that the end is approaching; on the contrary, Mademoiselle Mouza shows a truly admirable firmness of character. Her absolute dumbness has finished by inspiring me with respect, and I should not have had courage to be the first to break so dignified a silence. Savages are decidedly superior to us civilized people, who think ourselves grand philosophers for using from morning to night a long string of phrases empty as glass beads. But, oh, Victor! what a service you have rendered me! Without you I should have been overwhelmed with an inundation of returned letters.

During the last fortnight I have had time to run through my estate. It is very large, and I have caught lumbago in trying to do too much walking. But how beautiful it is! I love it as if I had passed my whole life here. It is built of red brick; the outside is of white plaster, which is much injured, and has fallen off in places, and the little that remains has acquired a most lovely grey tint. In all the rooms on the ground floor the earth flooring is beaten hard as stone, and Mouza pours out there every morning the tea, or rather the infusion of aromatic herbs of the steppe, whose delicious odour almost makes me tipsy sometimes. Behind the house a garden of cherry-trees, where the nightingales sing, and all around a belt of trees, a great luxury in the country; and beyond these trees the steppe, the vast steppe, which extends on all sides as far as the horizon like a great round table which is never covered.

This in few words describes the new universe where I shall live happily, or perhaps die, if Mouza does not quietly drive me out. I have forgotten to tell you that in a little valley three or four versts from my villa a little village of white cottages is hidden. This village has inhabitants; these inhabitants have children, and some surly dogs. War is a phenomenon as natural as rain; it would spring out of nothing at all rather than not exist. The only means of preventing it would be to have no neighbours. Greece fought against Troy on account of a woman; I have a bone to pick with the children of the village on account of a toad. It is like this:—The other day (the other evening would be more correct, for the sun was just setting), I had gone out to take my siesta in the air at some distance from the house, to escape the pitiless silence of little Mouza. You cannot imagine without having heard it the noise the insects make on the steppe when the sun has gone down and one is lying on the grass. It is a deafening din. One would say that all the trumpets of Jericho were being sounded at once. Ah! our Gogol is a grand poet. He has heard and understood the music of the steppe. His "Tarass Boulba" could only have been written by a Russian. But he does not sufficiently appreciate the toad. Do you know, my friend, a song more melodious than that of the toad? It has but one note, but such an exquisite note that I was incapable of appreciating it in my early days; but the art of violin-making has taught me to value it. This melancholy note appears to me to be in a minor key. Why? I do not know at all. Demiane will explain it to me perhaps. It has a pure sound, not silvery, but crystalline, like the song of a pick-axe in a block of granite which is being hewn, or like certain harmonious notes lightly struck on the great string of a violin. When the voice of the toad is lifted up on the night air, I have only to close my eyes to imagine myself transported into the kingdom of Queen Mab, where there

are no howling dogs, or troublesome children, or mute little girls.

Well, then, the other evening I was taking my siesta, closing my eyes, when I heard not far from me something like the cackling of a flock of geese, the barking of a great dog making the bass in this harmonious concert. I turned my head and saw Mouza, forming a grey outline against the clear sky, her arm lifted menacingly with her stick at three or four ragged urchins and a fine-looking dog. I hastily ran forward to see what was the matter, and heard the following dialogue:—

"You will not touch it, do you hear?"

"Are you mad?" replied the biggest of the boys.

"Mad or not mad, I tell you that you will not touch it."

"We shall touch it!"

"You had better try," said the little Amazon. She looked beautiful in her anger, and with her hair disarranged by the wind.

"But toads are common property, the good God has made them for every one."

"The good God has made them that you should leave them alone. I will not let you hurt them. And, besides, it is on my ground." She said "my ground" with an accent of conviction that made me shudder. At this moment I arrived upon the scene of action and perceived behind this young girl's heels a good-sized toad, which had already received some injury, for it remained motionless, stunned. Without waiting for any other explanation, I took up a large piece of earth and threw it at the dog, who was barking decidedly too near; he received it full in the muzzle, and fell down howling. To finish my work I seized Mouza's stick, seeing which the boys fled, not without some Cossack oaths.

Mouza looked at me with an air half pleased, half vexed; she would perhaps have liked better to have finished the affair by herself. Without saying a word she held out her hand looking at her stick, with an air that implied, "Give it back to me at once." I gave it to her mechanically. Moreover, the toad had recovered his senses, and was jumping about. She assured herself that he no longer needed help, and then went abruptly towards the house.

You imagine, perhaps, that after such an occurrence a treaty of peace would have been signed between us! Not at all! Our breakfasts and our dinners were just as silent as before. She has permitted me once or twice to pour out some water for her, that is all. What a pity that this funny little girl should have taken such a fancy about "my ground" into her head! You know, my friends, that I have a capacity for teaching—I have taught philosophy to Demiane, the art of violin-making to Victor; I should have taught Mouza all that an intelligent woman ought to know, beginning by what schoolmasters teach little girls. But what can one do? She is too grand! She has the air of a little woman, and at times of a little empress! I do not know how it happens, but I feel myself a little boy beside her. This must end somehow. It cannot last for ever! I have arrived at a marrying age, and how can I bring my wife into a house haunted by this odd sprite? It is enough to drive one mad! However, this is enough for the present; if my letter appear to you long, remember that I have no one to whom to speak, and write to me very quickly.—Your affectionate friend,

ANDRE LADOF.

P.S.—She has spoken to me! I had just cleaned my gun and was going out, when she stopped me on the threshold.—Where are you going?—I am going to hunt.—To hunt what?—Birds.—I do not wish any one to kill the little birds.—Indeed! that is rather good, I cried.—

Then said this astonishing little girl, Why did you prevent the children from killing the toad?

Being unable to answer, I returned to the house, unloaded my gun, and put it in the corner. I should like to know what she will forbid me to do next. Hasten to my relief with your ladies, they perhaps will succeed in driving her out.

CHAPTER XLV.

HELEN and Demiane were practising the concerto in the great hall at Piatigorsk. They were alone, all the doors closed for fear of draught, which had twice already blown the leaves of their 'musit' away, scattering them about over the chairs. Helen laughed at it, but Demiane did not care to dance about after them. After all, he was right; a man who passes his time at the feet of princesses would not care to kneel before empty chairs which were occupied yesterday, and perhaps would be again this evening, by captains' and lieutenants' wives, perhaps not at all!

The porters, after having swept the upper gallery, and in doing so scattered some of the Caucasus dust on the artists, which dust is no better than any other, had slammed the glass doors with a carelessness common to those people who do not have to pay for repairs. And our friends were alone, quite alone. Absorbed in their work, neither one nor the other took any notice of it. Page after page of music was turned, and the two artists seemed to forget that they were not made of iron, or that there was such a thing as fatigue. At last they struck the final chords, and Demiane laid down his violin and wiped his face with an exclamation of relief.

Little Helen looked at him with a sidelong glance, then turned back to the first page to recommence, and, this duty accomplished, allowed herself the relaxation of rubbing the stiff joints of her slender red hands.

"Do you not think it is warm?" said Demiane, stifling a sigh.

Helen went to one of the doors, opened it, returned to the piano, and sat upon her stool.

"Oh, pardon me," said Demiane, become very polite by frequenting so distinguished a world, "it is I who should have"—

"And I have done it," replied Helen calmly; "but that is of no consequence, I am used to it."

He looked at her, a little surprised; he had not been accustomed to remarks of this kind from her; he thought that she was in a bad humour, but not at all. She smiled peacefully at the garden which she saw through the open door, and executed some delicate little trills on the piano with her right hand. She was growing wonderfully pretty. Was it the pure air of the Caucasus which suited her so well? Her brown skin had become more pink and white, she appeared happier than she had ever been before. Demiane could not know that the evening before little Helen and Madame Moutine had been walking for an hour under the trees of the Boulevard, and that the young girl had learnt a great deal from her.

"After having tried allspice," Madame Moutine had said, "he will return to cream, because cream nourishes, and man cannot always live on excitement."

Moreover, had he heard this extraordinary conversation he would not have understood it much, thinking that they were talking of recipes for making cakes, and that Valerian had lately shown a great liking for spice.

Since this chat Helen felt as if a ray of sunshine had entered her life; she had passed a sleepless night, and yet she had risen at dawn

with a gaiety unusual to her. She had looked at her sleeping mother with tender pity, and said to herself that she was very kind and indulgent. Then she set to work as usual, mending her wardrobe, renovating well-worn gowns with new trimmings, and giving to all she touched that chaste and elegant appearance which was so natural to little Helen. In the midst of her work she had found in her basket a torn handkerchief which greatly needed mending, and a pair of much-worn socks. Ready to take them up, she stopped short, then with a mysterious air, she carefully mended the handkerchief, folded it up, rolled up the socks, and, as the clock struck ten, carried these articles into Demiane's room, which Victor was tidying as usual.

"Still more work for you?" the good boy had said, with a reproachful air.

With a smile, putting her finger on his lips, she opened a drawer, placed the two articles which she had brought in just at the top so that they must be taken out first, closed it, and leaning her two elbows on the chest, she laughed heartily.

"What is the matter? A surprise?" said Victor.

"Yes, a surprise," continuing to laugh as she left the room.

But Victor was as inquisitive as a cat; he searched in the drawer, and instantly went out after the young girl.

"I do not understand," he said.

"He will be furious, will he not?"

"I am afraid so."

"And I hope so."

He looked at her more mystified than ever.

"You have spoilt him, Helen; he will be furious."

"Very well, then, it will amuse us."

"What! would you like to tease him?"

"I should like him to appreciate me; and do you not see, my friend, when he does not appreciate services rendered, we have only ourselves to thank."

"Oh, Helen, I thought"—

"Besides," she said, laying her hand lightly on Victor's arm, "I shall not bring you any torn handkerchiefs."

He was thoughtful for a moment.

"So we are conspirators," he said.

"Exactly! that is understood."

They put their heads together, and the result of their confabulation rendered them lively for the remainder of the day. It was this tranquil gaiety which animated Helen's face when Demiane was looking at her in the great hall of Piatiorsk.

"What is it?" he said to her with unusual amiability.

"I am waiting for you to recommence," she replied, looking at him with her calm and innocent eyes.

With a gesture of impatience, he took up his violin and tuned it. Just as he was seizing the bow, he stopped to ask his partner,—

"Do you think that the concerto goes well enough?"

"I do not think it goes well at all," said the young girl, turning down the corners of her pages. "You do not come in quite in time at the *staccato* in the second movement."

For a moment Demiane laid his violin down. "He did not come in at the proper time! Helen criticising his playing!" In his heart he knew very well that he had not come in at the proper time, and it was precisely this which annoyed him. More than once it had occurred before, and far from taking any notice of it, his faithful accompanist had tried to hide his slight faults; thanks to her foresight, he had been able to catch up a little, and to hide by more careful

playing previous faults. Was she going to take him to task now? He would see!

But just as he was going to open his mouth he changed his mind and took up his violin with a dignified air.

They commenced, and for three pages all went well; the dangerous passage was executed by Demiane with rare perfection, and Helen approved with a movement of her head, with which, in spite of himself, the young man was well pleased; so pleased that he profited by his triumph to make a false note the instant after.

"Ah!" said Helen, stopping.

"What is the matter?" growled Demiane.

"A little louder your B."

Certainly the B ought to have been louder, but what business was it of Helen's? Would he not be able to play it perfectly on the day of the concert? He said so to her, and he got his answer.

"When one allows one's self to be negligent in practising, one is never sure of being faultless in public. And if I were studying like this, I should do you no credit."

"Very true!" said Demiane, with a grand air. "But that is not the same thing."

"I do not know," said Helen, commencing to play again.

He had only just time to shoulder his violin and to take up the melody. He was careful of his playing, a little afraid of meriting another such remark. Then it came to a difficult piano solo, which Helen played admirably, so well that our artist felt charmed.

"What progress you have made, little Helen! Between your style of playing now and three months ago there is a world of difference!"

She smiled with that enigmatical smile which gave her such a charm, and he remained preoccupied while she finished her solo.

"Your turn," she said when it was done.

The artist took up his part, and Helen played hers well, so well that Demiane felt, disconcertedly, that he was losing ground.

"You play too loudly," he said. "You drown me with your piano."

"It is written *fortissimo*," she replied, pointing to the expression mark with her finger.

He took up his bow in a bad temper and played with the worst possible grace; decidedly Helen was becoming a nuisance to take notice of his least trifles.

When he had finished, he carefully put up his music and his violin while she arranged her music. After having accomplished this duty, he turned towards her with an air worthy of Jupiter when only clemency prevents him from hurling another thunderbolt.

"Is it by chance, Mademoiselle Helen," he said to her in his most majestic voice, "that you take upon you to give me a lesson?"

"I?" she replied, with a slight start. "Indeed I do not wish to give any one lessons! But, my dear Demiane, is it giving you a lesson to remind you that you are not keeping to the music?"

"Keeping to the music," muttered Demiane, "the music. — No, Helen! but for a long time you seem to have lost your friendship for me; it seems as much as you can do to tolerate me, and"—

The young girl's face suddenly lost its serenity, and she sadly replied,—

"It is not I who have changed, you know well."

"Then you have the same friendship for me as ever?" said Demiane, whose good humour was returning.

"As much friendship, certainly," replied Helen, with a certain reserve, "a friendship proportionate to your merits."

Demiane experienced the feelings of a man

who receives a shower-bath without any warning, an additionally unpleasant way of taking that disagreeable thing.

"Have my merits diminished in your eyes?" he asked in a vexed tone.

"Oh! your merits are well enough in their way," replied Helen, with a sort of raillery; "I am no judge of them; besides, I know nothing at all, but"—

She was silent, rolled up her music, and closed the piano.

"But what?" insisted Demiane, taking hold of her arm.

He was both curious and irritated. He cared little indeed what this young girl, without fortune or position, thought of him; however, it cost him something to feel that she was reticent in her opinion of him.

"Would you like to know it?" said the little pianist, suddenly turning towards him and looking him full in the face, in spite of the blushes which covered hers. "Well, I think that you are not careful enough of your dignity, that at the Villa Redine you are treated in the evening like a musician engaged to amuse the society; while you think yourself an invited guest like the others, you are but a musician! And that is not worthy of you, Demiane, I think."

The artist would have very much liked to tell her what price the Princess paid him in the morning for the evening's music, but he dared not. However, something in his glance spoke for him.

"Yes, yes!" replied Helen, "the friendship of this noble lady blinds you to the rôle you are playing with her. Has all her friendship for you made her take your arm to walk across the grounds, or to go into the concert room? The friendship which she has for you is a secret friendship, which she would blush to avow in daylight, which she would deny to the last if any one spoke of it; and these friendships, Demiane, add nothing to a man's dignity; quite the contrary!"

She finished with a stifled sigh, and looked out into the garden sadly. The young man, who had been on the point of interrupting her a dozen times during her speech, when she had finished found no reply. He felt that under these cruel words there was a bitter truth, whose sting he had often felt. Resources failing, he was seized with an inspiration.

"You are jealous, Helen!" he cried, with the naïveté of a man who thinks himself irresistible.

"Jealous! of the Princess Redine!" said Helen, lifting up her little head proudly, looking like a Greek statue, and looking at him with amazement. "I should not do her that honour," she added in a tone of unutterable disdain.

"Helen, you forget yourself!" cried Demiane, who took to himself this affront to the Princess.

"I think that it is you who forget yourself," replied the young girl, calmly and without dropping her eyes. "What cause has Mademoiselle Mianof to be jealous of the Princess Redine? Between this lady and me there is a gulf which nothing can bridge," she continued, with a sovereign contempt. "But you, M. Markof, if you care for your honour, look to yourself."

"My honour! that is not in any danger," said the young man in a great rage.

"You think so? Very well, M. Markof, if you think so, continue to live as you are doing. If you do not see that you are treated at the Villa like a learned dog," she continued, without noticing Demiane's gesture of irritation, "that is your affair; but for our part, as we are jointly and severally answerable for your conduct, we shall keep ourselves at a distance from you; we shall endeavour so to live that no one can confound our interests with yours,

until the day when, weary of all this, you return to your true friends, whom you now overlook."

"I think, Helen, that you have lost your head," said Demiane, exasperated.

"Would you be sure of what I have told you? —On the evening of the next concert, you will be in all your glory, is it not so? Their Highnesses will all have given you their congratulations. Just venture to say to the Princess that you are fatigued, and that you would rather not play in her salon, and you will see the face she will make you. Offer her your arm and your escort, and you will learn still more. Just venture to talk with her like other young men, and you will see if she won't show you your place!"

"My place!"

"The place which in the eyes of the world to which she belongs you ought to occupy in comparison with her. She does not love you, Demiane; she is only pretending."

"What do *you* know about it?" was the snarling reply.

"Because this is not the right sort of love. No lofty sentiment, by whatever name you may please to call it, is content to leave in the shade of humiliation the being it has voluntarily chosen."

He looked at her with an underhand sort of expression.

"You talk learnedly on the subject. Who has given you your information?"

"Disappointment," answered Helen, passing him with an air of pride. "The disappointment of unmerited insult—and the sweets of forgiveness," she added, in a low tone, as she passed through the door leading to the garden.

(To be continued.)

Handel's "Messiah."

A COMPARISON OF THE ORIGINAL SCORE WITH THE SCORE AS RE-INSTRUMENTED BY MOZART.
BY CHAS. STEWART MACPHERSON, A.R.A.M.

(Continued.)

BEFORE proceeding to a consideration of the Recitative, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive," I must remind my readers that there are two great classes of recitative—firstly, the "recitativo stromentato," in which the voice is supported by the stringed-band, and often by wind-instruments also; secondly, the now almost obsolete "recitativo secco," which was accompanied simply by the "continuo," in order to give the singer more freedom of utterance in passages requiring "nothing more than the plain rhetorical delivery of the words to which they were set." Here then, owing to the disuse of the harpsichord, somewhat of a difficulty presents itself in connection with this latter form of recitative, and various have been the means attempted to render satisfactorily the accompaniments to these important parts of the work. One very extraordinary plan which prevailed for many years in our best orchestras was for the leading violoncello to play in "arpeggio" the notes of the chords indicated by the figuring, the principal double-bass at the same time sustaining the bass of the harmony. Thank goodness! this practice is rapidly dying out; it is to be hoped, never to be revived. Another method which has been tried with more success is to give the harmonies to a solo string-quartet, the great objection, however, to this being the lack of contrast of tone which evidently was aimed at when the old masters employed merely the basses and harpsichord. In my idea, by far the best way is to

replace the harpsichord by the pianoforte, by which means ample support to the voice and the requisite contrast are obtained.* In the Recitative secco, "Behold, a virgin shall conceive," and, indeed, in all the examples of this class throughout the oratorio, Mozart has left the voice-part and figured-bass exactly as they appear in the original, seemingly indicating that some such practice as the first of those I have just mentioned must have been customary during his lifetime. In the succeeding Aria, "O thou that telllest," Handel employs a very small score, viz. voice, continuo, and violins in unison (which latter instruments are chiefly reserved for the interludes between the vocal phrases). Mozart has supplemented these with a flute, a clarinet, two bassoons, and two horns, besides writing parts for second violin and viola. The whole of his score is full of points of interest and charm, albeit much of the added matter is scarcely Handelian in character. Especially worthy of note is the passage commencing with bar 44, which I quote in its entirety, premising that Handel, according to his general custom, would have largely enriched his scanty score at the harpsichord or organ :

MOZART'S ADDITIONS.

Musical score showing Mozart's additions to Handel's "And they that dwell in the land of the shades". The score includes parts for Flute, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn, 2nd Violin, Viola, and Violin. The score consists of several staves of music with corresponding instrument names above them. The vocal line is present in the Violin part.

HANDEL'S WRITTEN SCORE.

Musical score showing Handel's written score for the same section. The score includes parts for Voice, Cello, and Bass. The vocal line is present in the Voice part. The score consists of several staves of music with corresponding instrument names above them.

* I may mention that the pianoforte has thus been successfully used by Mr. Joseph Barnby at the Albert Hall in Handel's "Belshazzar," and also when he first produced Bach's "Passion according to St. Matthew," at Exeter Hall in 1870; and later by Dr. Stainer in this same last-named work at St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Goldschmidt has also used the pianoforte in Handel's "L'Allegro," etc., at St. James's Hall.

Observe particularly the beautiful imitations between the violins and the clarinet and bassoons, also the pretty sequential passage given to the flute. On the entry of the chorus, Handel assigns the accompaniments to the entire body of strings, and Mozart's extra instruments for the most part simply play in unison with them. The Recitative, "For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth," calls for no special mention, since Mozart has added nothing to the already complete score; but his orchestration of the Air that follows, "The people that walked in darkness," constitutes perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of matter being introduced for which there is no warrant in the original. The next extract will show this :

MOZART'S ADDITIONS.

Musical score showing Mozart's additions to Handel's "The people that walked in darkness". The score includes parts for Flute, Clarinet, Bassoon, Horn, 2nd Violin, Viola, and Violin. The score consists of several staves of music with corresponding instrument names above them. The vocal line is present in the Violin part.

HANDEL.

Musical score showing Handel's written score for the same section. The score includes parts for Voice, Cello, and Bass. The vocal line is present in the Voice part. The score consists of several staves of music with corresponding instrument names above them.

Entrancingly beautiful, in truth, are the delici-
ous chromatic harmonies that Mozart has so
skillfully built upon the continually moving bass;
but from the autograph score, it is clear that
Handel intended the accompaniments to this
air to be almost unexceptionally in unison with
the voice; hence the almost entire absence—
except occasionally at a cadence—of figuring of
any sort. It is hardly to be expected that
Handel adopted this style of accompaniment
without having fully considered the effect, and
however delightful and fascinating the added
harmonies may be (and their charm must be
patent to all), it cannot but be felt by the
earnest thinker that they represent not an
amplification of the original design, but rather

Mozart's commentary, so to speak, on Handel's music.

A comparison of the two scores of the Chorus, "For unto us a child is born," can hardly fail to be most interesting to the student, and it will surprise many, accustomed to hear this piece in an instrumental disguise worthy of the march from Meyerbeer's "Le Prophète," or the overture to Wagner's "Tannhäuser," to learn that Handel accompanies it simply with the stringed-band and organ, which Mozart has supplemented with hautboys, horns, trumpets, and drums.

Perhaps more liberties are taken with this magnificent chorus by unscrupulous conductors than with any other number in the entire work. I will give one illustration of this, viz. the famous ejaculation, "Wonderful! Counsellor! the mighty 'God! the everlasting Father! the Prince of Peace!'" For several bars previously Handel has supported the voices merely by the quiet tones of the orchestral basses and organ, reserving his violins and violas to enter with truly thrilling effect at the passage just mentioned, the violins playing a brilliant semiquaver counterpoint in thirds against the longer notes of the voices, violas, basses, and organ. The contrast thus obtained is to me far more grand and impressive, since not so violent and forced, than that obtained by the usual introduction of the blare of trombones and ophicleides at this point. The "Pastoral Symphony," that "glorified Calabrian tune," presents an instance of Handel's dividing the violas into two parts, for the purpose of reflecting, as it were, in the lower octave the melody in thirds given to the violins. Mozart here employs in addition a piccolo, a flute, 2 hautboys, 2 clarionets, 2 bassoons, and 2 horns, causing the hautboys and horns to sustain chiefly the tonic and dominant of the key, whilst the rest of the instruments double the violins in upper and lower octaves. It is worthy of note that Handel in this piece directs the violins and violas to play "con sordini." In the next number of the work we observe a combination of the two styles of recitative—both the accompanied and the speaking recitative. The former has here been fully scored by Handel for the stringed band, and Mozart has left it untouched; the latter again appears with merely a bass and figures in both arrangements. Up to this point, Handel has shown great reticence in the employment of his instrumental resources; and not until the following Chorus, "Glory to God," do the trumpets appear upon the scene. With what magical brightness they enter can hardly be imagined by those who have never heard "Messiah" performed without the additions of Mozart; for he here cuts out bodily the trumpet parts, and transfers them to the flutes, hautboys, and bassoons; I suppose because there were no trumpeters in his day in Germany capable of playing them. Difficult of execution they assuredly are, since often rising to

13th Harmonic on the D Trumpet); but if rendered on soprano cornets most of the difficulty vanishes, and Handel's tone-colour is preserved. It is remarkable that Mozart should change the direction "Un poco piano" which Handel places at the commencement of the chorus, into "forte," and that at every occurrence of the words "And peace on earth" he should introduce horns, trumpets, and drums, "forte," omitting these instruments, curiously, in nearly all the more jubilant parts.*

* Handel's direction "da lontano," at the beginning of this piece, implies that the angels are at first afar, and reach the earth only where he marks "forte."

The Air "Rejoice greatly" shows us another example of a solo voice being accompanied originally merely by violins, basses, and harpsichord or organ. Mozart has filled up much of the incomplete written-score by constructing a most ingenious viola-part, adding also some new matter for second violins. It may be conjectured that Handel used the organ in this song instead of the harpsichord to supply the harmonies indicated by the figuring, since affording far more support to the vocalist in the trying "fioriture" which are here such a conspicuous feature. Beautiful in effect, as I can personally attest, and more in accordance with the practice of the time than even Mozart's charmingly-conceived viola-part, would be this employment of the organ, the brilliant violin passages by that means standing out in bold contrast to the subdued sound of the soft stops of the organ. Passing over the "Recitativo secco," "Then shall the eyes of the blind be opened," we come to another instance, in the peaceful "He shall feed His flock," of Handel's assigning the accompaniment to the strings, "con sordini." The harmony here is complete throughout, and Mozart has left it in its original condition. In the two succeeding Choruses, "His yoke is easy," and "Behold the Lamb of God," he has added hautboys, clarionets, bassoons, and horns, which mainly enrich the score as the organ used to do.

That wonderful portrayal of the deepest sorrow, "He was despised," comes next under our consideration. Here, although he has added clarionets and bassoons to Handel's string-parts, Mozart has again left many places in their bare and incomplete state. It will suffice to quote one instance of this:—



Of course, the passage was never meant to be performed thus; although, even when the work is produced by our best Societies, one is accustomed to hear the vocalist and the basses of the orchestra often executing such a duet, resulting in a travesty of Handel's intention. Clearly, according to the figuring, the music should be completed in a manner similar to the following:—



Before leaving this number, I must draw attention to one matter of, I think, great interest, as showing the fallibility of even the greatest genius. As Sir George Macfarren so ably remarks:—"It is wonderful that Mozart, whose sense of poetic beauty was of the very highest, should have overlooked the eloquent silence that ends the eleventh and begins the tenth bar before the end of the voice-part, which tells more of heart-sickness than could any uttered sounds, just as the statue, with its face buried in its hands, was judged to be the best personification of grief; and yet Mozart—the divine Mozart—filled up the rests for voice and instruments with four iterations of a chord."

Voice. AS HANDEL INTENDED.

Voice. WITH MOZART'S ADDITIONS.

In the Chorus, "Surely He hath borne our griefs," Mozart again replaces the organ by wind-instruments, viz. flûtes, hautboys, clarionets, bassoons, and horns; but the Fugue, "And with His stripes," he has left untouched. Although some of his complementary matter to "All we like sheep" is hardly Handelian in character, yet I must point out one case in which, it seems to me, he has skilfully emulated the contrapuntal devices in which it is known Handel frequently indulged when filling in his scores at organ or harpsichord. It occurs at bars 29-31, where Mozart has given to the flûtes, hautboys, clarionets, and bassoons a counterpoint against the voices, based upon a figure that has been very prominent hitherto in the vocal parts:—

doubled by the flûtes in the upper, and by the bassoons in the lower, octaves. Another masterly feature in his orchestration of this number is the introduction, after several bars' rest, of the wood-wind and horns at the sixth bar from the end of the piece, on the word "Him;" thus seeming to emphasize most touchingly the fact that it is indeed upon *Him* that "the Lord hath laid the iniquity of us all." The Recitative, "All they that see Him," the Fugue, "He trusted in God," and the Recitative, "Thy rebuke hath broken His heart," appear the same in both scores, and all that Mozart does in the Air "Behold and see" is to add a few notes here and there for the violas, to complete the harmony. The next Recitative, "He was cut off," is left untouched; but the Air "But thou didst not leave," which in the original has parts only for violins in unison and "continuo," is supplemented by a flute, a bassoon, 2nd violins and violas; and it is curious that Mozart here employs these extra instruments but very occasionally to fill up the chords indicated by the figures, but mostly causes the flute and bassoon to double the voice-part, bringing in the 2nd violins and violas in the symphonies, so that throughout the greater part of the piece the harmony consists of only two parts.

(To be continued.)

A People's Theatre.

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ASOLUTION has recently been offered to an interesting practical problem : How shall the masses of the people who have too long been excluded from dramatic performances of a high order be readmitted? At the present time, when the many are being entrusted with more power and greater responsibilities, it is especially important that every aid to intellectual growth should be welcomed, and that at least no means of development which the wisdom of the past has bequeathed to us should be discountenanced.

Now in the old days, both in Greek and Roman times and in the Middle Ages, dramatic representations were open to all citizens. All in Athens could behold the works of the great tragedians "unfolding Thebes or Atreus' line, or the tale of Troy divine;" or could follow with amused wonder the fanciful extravaganzas of Aristophanes. In the Middle Ages tens of thousands of people assembled to see the narratives of the Old and New Testament lived over again in bodily reality on the great stages erected by the clergy, as a means of reaching the minds of the unlettered folk.

In Athens 2 obols, about 1½d., secured admission; and if the poor citizen could not sit in the front row with generals, archons, and ambassadors, at least he could claim a lofty perch somewhere in the topmost circles of the auditorium. In Rome the entertainment was provided gratis, at first by wealthy citizens, and afterwards by the State. And the provision made was ample, the Colosseum containing 80,000 people and the great Circus twice as many. Around the stages on which the Miracle Plays of feudal Europe were enacted every one might stand. The stage, an enormous structure, generally in three storeys, representing Heaven, Earth, and Hell, was set up in the open air, sometimes in the churchyard, at other times in the spacious market square.

How shall the old freedom of admission be restored? Once, in Molière's time, the soldiers of the king's body-guard, who had always been granted free admission to the theatre, had the privilege taken from them by the thrifty management. These military enthusiasts for the drama thereupon ran the unfortunate door-keeper through the body with their swords, and henceforward everything went smoothly. Such rude methods having now fallen into disrepute, can it now be shown, as a less anachronistic means of influencing managers, that low entrance fees are not irreconcilable with a good balance-sheet? An affirmative answer is given by a zealous follower of Wagner, Friedrich Schoen.

In 1883, when Herr Schoen was planning a dramatic celebration of the Luther Festival in Worms, he found that the only suitable place was the church. Struck by this fact, and anxious that his native city should participate in dramatic art, he devised a scheme for a people's theatre, the result of careful reflection on the objects of dramatic art and on the needless expense of dramatic representations.

The subject had engaged attention in Germany from the time of the establishment of a national drama in the country. It had been considered by Tieck, Immerman, Schinkel, and Wagner himself. The latter, it will be remembered, in the design of his Bayreuth theatre departed widely from the usual type of theatre construction.

The main feature in Herr Schönen's design, of which we subjoin an illustration, is the peculiar arrangement of the stage, which is divided into two parts, a front-stage and a back-stage, and which, moreover, is connected with the auditorium by three flights of steps. In this it resembles the theatres of the Greeks. So also in the theatres of the Elizabethan dramatists,

window to "gaze at Christian fools with varnished faces," or Juliet is seen by Romeo, the two windows in the partition-wall are to be used. In case a group has to appear, as e.g. Richard III. between the bishops, a balcony is provided over the opening leading to the back-stage.

This stage, like the one in front, is not furnished with decorations. For the performance of pieces specially written for such a theatre, it is simply hung with some material agreeing in colour with the curtain and the door-hangings, and calculated of course to form a harmonious background to the costumes of the actors. But for the performance of the pieces which are now actually in possession of our stages, it is to be provided with a painted prospect. If desired, the front stage, steps and all, can be cleared away and its place occupied by an orchestra; the side-doors can be temporarily blocked up, and with the addition of a few modest properties the back-stage is available as an ordinary opera-stage.

The arrangements of the auditorium, whilst in some respects resembling those proposed by Davion and Bourdais for a people's opera-house in Paris, are largely original. The great majority of the spectators are seated in the central space, which on the side farthest from the stage is enclosed by a semicircular boundary.

In the centre of this boundary, and therefore opposite to the stage, is a deep recess with an organ, where on a Luther Festival or similar occasion the choir will sit. At other performances the space will be available for spectators, just as the boxes and stalls next the stage furnish accommodation for the public. As a rule, the openings of these boxes are to be covered over with strong

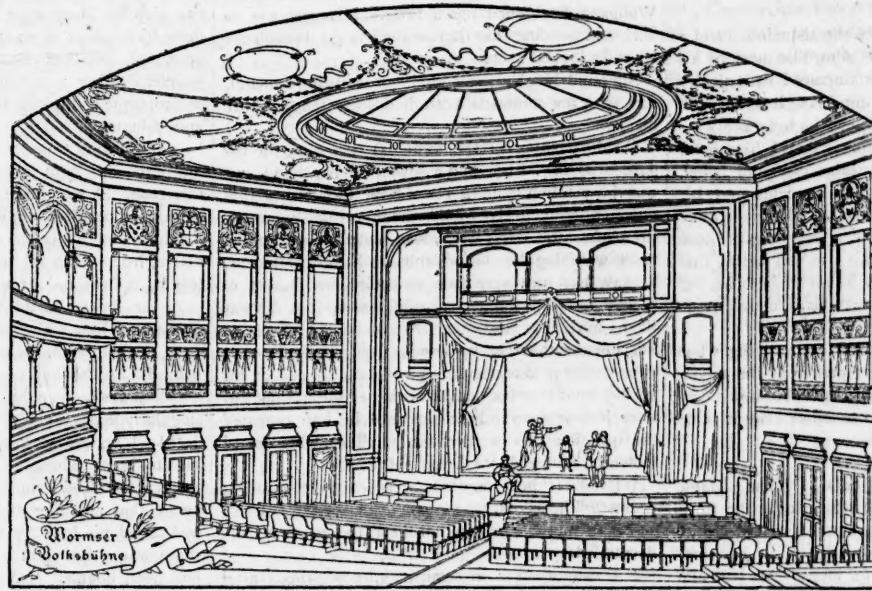
boards,—a contrivance from which the architect anticipates good acoustic effects. Indeed, the boxes and stalls surrounding the semicircle were planned not merely as a means of increasing the number of seats and improving the appearance of the house, but also with a direct view to acoustic advantage.

A large skylight over the auditorium gives light for day performances, which are so frequently required at great festivals. The building is indeed suitable for performances and assemblies of many kinds.

With all its simplicity the theatre is not without a certain dignity of character, and the necessary details of warmth and ventilation are of course provided for. The cost is £17,500, and the number of spectators to be accommodated 1000,—£17, 10s. for each spectator.

The project has been cordially received by the citizens of Worms, and the Grand Duke of Hesse, who takes great interest in it, has given hope of a close relation between the Darmstadt theatre and the future theatre at Worms. Thus the speedy realization of the project is secured, and Germany will have the honour of a new invention in architectural form and theatrical representation.

The author of the scheme maintains that such



THE PEOPLE'S THEATRE AT WORMS. (From the *Allgemeine Musik Zeitung*.)

many of the gallants among the audience sat on the stage itself. It will be observed that the "illusion," as we term it, of our present theatres is destroyed. The actors, instead of appearing as the figures in the foreground of a gorgeous picture, such for instance as the Church scene at the Lyceum in "Much Ado about Nothing," resemble rather the figures in a group of statuary, or, as the Teutonic mind loves to express it, "the action takes place in plastic actuality."

There are no special scenes. No moonlit town where Dogberry and his watch may patrol; no red roofs of Nuremberg which Mephistopheles may point out to Faust. "No raree-show pictures!" says our German iconoclast. If some change of scene is absolutely required, or several groups of actors, or a large number of actors must appear simultaneously, the back-stage can be brought into use by drawing aside the curtain which covers an opening in the partition-wall between the two stages.

The actors are to enter, ordinarily, by means of the side-doors, or if necessary by the back-stage, or on great festival occasions, from the auditorium up the flight of steps. When an appearance has to be made from the inside of a closed house, as when Jessica looks from the

a theatre is more favourable to true appreciation of the drama than one where all the resources of the upholsterer, the scene-painter, and the antiquarian assist or overpower the imagination; and adduces the example of the Elizabethan theatre, where the most magnificent language was accompanied by no other scenery than a rough board bearing the inscription : "This is Paris," "This is Florence," "This is Athens"! But after all our best modern stages afford a combined triumph of all the arts, and in wealthy cities they are not unsuitable. At the same time, in many small provincial towns commodious theatres of a simple type would be invaluable. Substance and shadow must not be confounded; and it is not right that whenever the costly accessories which an age of luxury has invented, are unattainable, we should allow ourselves to be excluded from the drama, with its accumulated wealth of human character, of moral teaching, and of sublime poetry.

The Magic Music.

BY NELLIE HINCKS.

SOME years ago I made the acquaintance of a young German artist, who, like most of his nation, is somewhat tinctured with poetry and romance. His mind is well stored with wild legends and marvellous tales which he is always pouring into my ears since he found that I like them, and in which he invariably expresses profound belief, no matter how extravagant their incidents may be. Whether this belief is genuine or not, I cannot quite make out. Sometimes when he appears most serious a sudden roguish twinkle in his eye will betray that he is not as much in earnest as he pretends to be, but I can never get him to admit that he is merely practising on my credulity.

The following tale he told me one evening when we were sitting on a balcony together in the moonlight. I will repeat it as nearly as possible in his own words, begging my readers to recollect that it is he who is speaking, not myself :—

My tale (he began) is called "The Magic Music." On the banks of the Rhine, near the town where I was born, stand the ruins of an old castle. Once, no doubt, it was a stately pile, but it has completely fallen into decay, and for many years bats and owls have been its only occupants.

Many an hour have I spent there, among the ruins themselves or in what used to be a terraced garden that sloped down to the water's edge, dreaming or musing, undisturbed by the presence of a single human being. None of the peasants of the neighbourhood will approach the place if they can help it, for they firmly believe it to be haunted, and many of them have assured me that at night lights are to be seen through the open spaces that once were windows, and that strains of wild, unearthly music are to be heard by any one who is brave enough to pass by there late at night.

I learnt the legend attached to the castle from an old peasant woman, who told me that once upon a time it was inhabited by a certain Count Wolfgang. He was young, wealthy, wonderfully and darkly handsome, but very reserved and even mysterious in his habits. No one knew very much about him, and in consequence many wild tales, with him for their hero, were afloat. His servants declared that he had once suddenly disappeared from the castle, that he had not been seen to leave by any one, that he had taken nothing with him, but that he had simply vanished, none could tell how or where. Some of them thought that some accident had befallen him, but they could tell nothing for certain. At the expiration of a year he reappeared as suddenly and mysteriously as he had vanished, and never gave a word of explanation as to his absence. This was one of the many tales that were told about him. The only thing that was absolutely known concerning him was, that he was a great musician. Every one had heard

the sound of his violin at some time or other, and people would sometimes stand entranced to catch from afar the wild, sweet music he drew from it. This, however, was only during the day-time. No one would pass the castle at night, for rumour told strange tales of what took place there, and of the sounds of weird and more than mortal music that would be heard floating from the windows after day had departed.

At a short distance from the castle stood a smaller dwelling, which was inhabited by a young man, Sigmund by name, who had just married and brought home his bride, a young and beautiful girl, who loved him fondly, and to whom he was passionately devoted. Their married life so far had been unchequered by a single shadow, and every evening as they strolled in their garden together they congratulated themselves on their happiness.

They were out there one morning when the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs on the road that led past their garden attracted their attention, and they turned round, to see Count Wolfgang galloping by. He gave one glance at them from his coal-black eyes, and was out of sight in a moment.

"Who was that?" asked Elsie of her husband.

"That is Count Wolfgang, the owner of the castle yonder," replied Sigmund; "but you look pale, Elsie, what ails you?"

"Nothing," she returned, "but I think that Count Wolfgang frightened me a little. His eyes are so dark and piercing that they seemed to go through me when he looked at me."

Sigmund laughed, and chid her for being fanciful, and in a few moments both had forgotten the little incident.

On the evening of the same day they were in the garden again. Elsie had a basket in her hand and was busy filling it with roses from the bushes that flowered abundantly round them, while Sigmund, tired after the day's work, was seated at a little distance watching her. Suddenly, to his astonishment, he saw her turn very pale and allow her basket of flowers to fall to the ground, and, fearing that she was ill, he hurried towards her. When he got nearer to her he saw that her eyes were fixed as if she were concentrating her attention on something, and on his asking what was the matter with her she did not answer him or seem to hear him until he had repeated the question two or three times. Then she started violently, and said, "Do you not hear it?"

"I do not hear anything. What do you mean, dearest?" he asked.

"The music—do you not hear the music?" she demanded.

"I cannot hear any music," he returned, after listening attentively; "it must be your fancy, dear."

"It is not my fancy. Listen!" she said impatiently; and to enforce her words she laid her hand on his arm. As she did so, he became conscious of a sound of very faint, far-away music.

"You must hear it," she said, letting her hand fall from his arm. As she did so, he no longer heard the sound, and feeling convinced now that his wife was ill, and his own senses had deceived him, he begged her to go with him to the house. She turned mechanically, as if in compliance, but instead of going towards the house walked swiftly towards the gate that opened out of the garden into the country beyond. He followed her, and, much alarmed by the fixity of her expression and her deadly pallor, passed his arm round her to lead her back. She struggled violently with him, and it was not until she was completely exhausted that he could contrive to take her in his arms and carry her to the house. He laid her upon a couch, and she was immediately seized with a species of hysterical paroxysm that lasted until he became seriously alarmed. When it had at length subsided, she was completely spent, and offered no resistance to being carried to her own room and being put to bed by their one old servant, who had formerly been her nurse.

The following morning she awoke weak and languid, but better than her husband had dared to hope she would be after so severe an attack as that she had suffered from. He remained at her side all the morning, and when he was obliged to leave her in the afternoon, he mounted his horse feeling quite easy about her.

He had to visit a neighbouring town upon business, which he was some time in transacting. When he started upon his homeward journey, the weather, which had been close and sultry all day, had become very stormy-looking. The sky was black and heavy, thunder muttered ominously in the distance, and he urged his horse to its utmost speed, trusting that he might reach home before the storm actually broke.

This hope was not to be realized. He had not been riding long when a terrific burst of thunder rent the air, and a flash of blue lightning quivered across the sky immediately in front of him. With a start, his horse reared violently, then tore madly over the open country in too much alarm to be susceptible of any control. Sigmund soon found that it was useless to try to check the terrified creature, and could only devote his energies to maintaining his seat until fatigue caused it to stop. But its speed seemed to increase rather than diminish; it sped on until they were within a few yards of a gateway; then stumbled, throwing its rider over its head. Sigmund struck the earth with considerable force, and immediately became insensible.

When he recovered consciousness, he opened his eyes and gazed about him in utter inability to imagine where he was. He was lying on a softly-cushioned couch in a room whose lofty ceiling and rich decorations were completely strange to him. Many exquisite pictures hung upon the walls, varied here and there by trophies of weapons; rich rugs were spread upon the polished floor, and wherever his eyes wandered, they rested upon some object—beautiful or grotesque as the case might be, but always original and valuable. A large moon-like lamp, suspended by silver chains from the vaulted ceiling, shed a clear and agreeable light around; for night had fallen by this time. A very large window, over which heavy curtains of purple velvet were partially drawn, afforded a glimpse of a marble terrace and a deep blue sky above, from which all traces of storm had vanished, leaving it clear and serene.

As he looked at this window, one of the curtains was moved by white and delicate hand, and a tall, dark, strikingly-handsome young man appeared from behind it and walked towards Sigmund.

"You are better now, are you not?" he said, in a singularly musical voice.

"I—I believe so," stammered Sigmund, still at a loss to know where he was, or how he had come there. "Indeed I think I am quite well, I am not aware that anything ails me." He stopped, for he had raised his hand to his forehead and found that there was a cut upon it, over which a handkerchief had been bound. "What has happened?" he exclaimed.

"You have had a slight accident, that is all," rejoined his host. "You were thrown from your horse at my gates. Fortunately one of my servants saw you; you were carried in here, laid on the couch where you are now lying, and a cut upon your head bound up—that is all."

"I am under many obligations to you," said Sigmund; "but for your kindness, my accident might have had very serious consequences."

"Pray say no more of it," returned the other courteously. "I am delighted to have been of use to you."

He advanced still farther into the room, and stood directly under the pale beams of the lamp, and as he did so, Sigmund suddenly recognised him, becoming aware that he was the guest of the mysterious Count Wolfgang. In spite of his better reason, a slight thrill ran through him as he looked at the pale, classical features and dark unfathomable eyes of his host, and he said hastily, essaying to rise, "But I need not trespass any longer on your hospitality. I must be getting on my way."

"I think you will find you can hardly do that at present," observed Count Wolfgang with a slight smile. "Try, if you wish it, by all means, but do not be surprised if you fail. One does not recover from a shaking such as you have experienced in half an hour."

Sigmund smiled, but persisted in his attempt, and rose from the couch, only to stagger when he reached his feet, and have to catch at the back of a chair for support, for everything seemed swimming around him.

A strong arm came to his support. A rallying voice said, "I told you how it would be," and in another second he had resumed his recumbent position without any effort of his own. The disagreeable sensation of faintness soon passed off, and he said again, "I must really go. I feel quite well now, and my wife, who is at home expecting me every moment, will be alarmed at my delay."

"Nonsense, man!" exclaimed his host, a singular, quickly-suppressed smile just curling his lips for a moment. "You cannot go until you feel a little stronger. Take this; it will do you good," and turning to the table he took up a flask, poured out a brimming goblet of the rich red wine it held, and handed the cup to Sigmund. "Drain it to the dregs," he added gaily; "it will make a new man of you."

Sigmund touched the goblet with his lips, then slowly emptied it. The wine it contained was delicious to the palate, cool, and so delicate in flavour that he did not realize its strength until he felt the blood coursing more quickly through his veins, and a slight, pleasurable feeling of excitement—totally distinct from intoxication—stealing over him. Strangely enough, his anxiety about Elsie receded into the background of his mind, and when Wolfgang, throwing himself into a chair, carelessly made some remark on a subject in which he took an interest, he answered him with animation, and they were soon engaged in a conversation that became more and more interesting. Never before had Sigmund been in the company of such a brilliant conversationalist, and he listened, entranced by the eloquence and sparkling wit with which Wolfgang spoke on every subject they touched on.

The time stole by imperceptibly; Sigmund had lost all sense of the strangeness of the situation, and by and by he found himself alluding to his host's supernatural powers as a musician, and laughingly asking him how he acquired them.

"I see you do not quite believe in my musical powers," said Wolfgang, with a laugh that gave his reply the appearance of a pleasantry. "You would probably believe me still less if I told you how I acquired them." As he spoke, he left his seat and sauntered across to the window. "It is a heavenly night," he observed, with apparent irrelevancy. "Look out; is it not a lovely scene?" and he threw the curtains open, disclosing, like a picture seen in a frame formed by the great arched window, the deep blue sky, in which shone a magnificent full moon, the marble terrace, the shadowy garden beyond, and beyond that again the clear green waters of the Rhine sparkling in the brilliant moonlight.

"Have you ever heard that the Rhine-spirit haunts this part of the stream?" continued Wolfgang, after a short pause, still speaking in the same half-jesting tone. "Perhaps you would find it hard to believe that one night, some two years ago—it was just such a moonlight night as this by the by—I was wandering in the garden yonder, when suddenly I heard a strain of wild, sweet music, and saw the lovely face and form of the Rhine-spirit half-raised from the water and beckoning to me with a foam-white hand; that, charmed by her magic singing and enraptured with her beauty, I accepted her invitation and sprang into the water to join her; that, owing to some power which she exercised for my good, instead of leading me to destruction, no harm came to me, but that I merely sank down—down—with her to her fairy abode in the crystal caves beneath the water: that I abide with her there for a year, and that when I returned to earth I had learnt all her power—what would you say if I told you all this?"

"I should imagine that you were amusing yourself at my expense," replied Sigmund, who had been interested, in spite of himself, by his host's extravagant tale.

"And you would come to a very natural conclusion," said Wolfgang gaily; "still, whether you believe my tale or not, whether any part of it is true, or whether I have just invented it in a foolish attempt to mystify you—one thing is certain, that I possess the Rhine-spirit's power of charming any one I choose by my music, and compelling them to come to me. But I see you do not believe me."

"Pardon me; I would not be so un courteous as to

say so," rejoined Sigmund; "but I must admit that I should like to see a proof of your power."

"Nothing is easier. You shall have it at once if you choose," said Wolfgang, coming across the room and taking up a violin and bow from the table. "I will call any one you choose hither—whom shall it be?"

"If you must summon any one, let it be Elsie, my wife," said Sigmund, still treating the matter as a jest, although a subtle change had crept over Wolfgang's face as he raised the violin to his shoulder, and his slender white fingers curled themselves lovingly around its neck.

"Your wife? So be it then; but, I warn you, she will come," said Wolfgang.

"Of course! Is not that what we both want?" laughed Sigmund. "Pray begin; I am all attention."

Without another word, Wolfgang laid his chin down upon the violin, drew the bow across the strings, bringing forth a long drawn minor chord, and then began to play, if indeed the term "playing" can be applied to such a marvellous performance of so unearthly a character as was his. The lofty chamber was filled with a rushing sound as of flowing water; strains of wild, sweet music swept and vibrated through the air, entralling the listener irresistibly. Sigmund was held spell-bound, until he was roused as from a dream by hearing a low triumphant voice exclaim, "She is coming!" and looking from the window he saw a slender, white-robed figure flitting rapidly across the garden, up the steps leading to the terrace, across the terrace itself, through the open window, into the room where they were sitting. It was Elsie, his wife.

Her white dress was torn and disordered by the trees she had rapidly threaded her way between; her long, heavy blonde tresses hung loosely over her shoulders in dishevelled masses, damp with the evening dew, and her eyes were open and perfectly fixed. She passed Sigmund without seeming to see him, although her dress swept his knee, and, hurrying up to Wolfgang, threw herself on her knees at his side and gazed up into his face.

Sigmund felt as one sometimes does in a dream; rooted to the spot where he stood, unable to speak or move. He saw Wolfgang allow the violin to fall from his hand and place his arm round Elsie, while her head with its dishevelled blonde locks fell upon his shoulder. He heard him murmur to her, "Do you forget Sigmund?" and heard her reply, in a faint, dreaming tone, "I forget everything but you."

Wolfgang rose from his seat, lifted Elsie from the ground, and, still keeping his arm round her, led her through the open window. They passed close to Sigmund, and he mechanically followed them across the terrace and down into the garden. They were slightly in advance of him. Suddenly Wolfgang paused, drew Elsie close to him, and pressed his lips to hers.

That broke the spell. With a fierce exclamation Sigmund darted forward, snatched Elsie from Wolfgang's arms, allowing her to sink half-fainting to the ground, and grappled with him with all his strength. Without any apparent effort, Wolfgang threw him off and stepped back, a radiant smile on his pale features, and shining from his dark eyes. Sigmund was again about to spring on him, when he was arrested by the strangest sight he had ever beheld.

The green, translucent waters of the Rhine were suddenly parted, and above them slowly rose a face and form of the most dazzling beauty. The moon poured down a stream of radiance upon the exquisite face of the Rhine-spirit, sparkled in the drops of water that clung to her long golden tresses, and bathed her bare arms and shoulders in a pearly lustre. An expression of the wildest joy shone from her brilliant eyes as she gazed towards Wolfgang and extended her snow-white arms towards him. He leapt into them, sank beneath the water with her, and no man ever saw them more.

"Is that all?" I asked, as Herr Rudolf paused.

"That is all," he replied; "what more would you have?"

"I would like to know what became of Sigmund and his wife," I remarked.

"I am sorry I cannot tell you that," said Herr Rudolf; "history is silent on that point."

"And how much of your story was the legend, and how much your own?" I inquired.

"I suppose I have coloured it a little in telling it, that is all," said Herr Rudolf.

"And how much of it is *true*?" said I.

"Ah, dear Miss Helen, that were to inquire too curiously," rejoined Herr Rudolf.

Henriette Sontag's Début.

WITH a fragrant cup of coffee beside him, and a freshly filled pipe, sat Holbein, the *Regisseur* of the Prague Theatre; but this morning he was not in a mood to enjoy either; and there was a dark cloud on his brow. The position of a *Regisseur* is not such a pleasant one that he can be always in a good humour. "A singer, a singer! a kingdom for a singer!" cried the poor perplexed man; for he had promised to provide one to supply the place of the *prima donna*, and did not know how he was to keep his word. The celebrated tenor, Gerstacker, had arrived for a special performance, and this threatened to be, if not a failure, yet robbed of much of its splendour by the sudden illness of the *prima donna*.

The reputation which preceded the stranger artist was so great, that in spite of the intense midsummer heat, at the performance of one of those little pleasing quodlibets from various operas, the theatre had been, on Gerstacker's first appearance, quite filled. And when they had heard the entrancing voice, and admired the refined acting, the public demanded the performance of an entire opera. And the responsibility rested with the *Regisseur*; what wonder that his Mocha tasted bitter and his brow was clouded?

A knock at the door, and there entered his friend Triebensee, the director of the orchestra, who was greeted by the despairing cry, "I am glad you are come; help me; assist me. A kingdom for a singer, if only for one rôle!"

"Give first the kingdom, and I will provide the singer," he returned, smiling. "For which part?"

"Gerstacker has declared himself prepared to sing 'Johann von Paris.' It is said to be one of his finest performances; everything is pretty well prepared for it, only the Princess of Navarre is wanting."

"Only Donna Clara, the Princess of Navarre, is wanting? I should say, then, everything was wanting," laughed Triebensee; but, when he saw the other's melancholy countenance, he continued, though cheerfully yet comfortingly: "Keep up your heart, Holbein. I will provide the missing trifles; I will find you a most stately princess; I have one among my pupils."

"Who, who is this pearl?"

"Little Henriette, Sontag's pretty daughter. She is a splendid girl, full of cleverness and talent, full of understanding and enthusiasm for her art. She is just studying with me the part of the Princess of Navarre. In five days—too long? Man, you are unconscionable! Well then, in three days you may give the opera, that is, if Gerstacker will sing with the little one. For she is young, still very young."

"And you think she will do; she will not disgrace us?"

"Disgrace us? Certainly not."

"Then it is decided. Your word is sufficient. My mind is considerably relieved." And the *Regisseur* sprang up joyfully, while the director quickly took leave, and hastened to his pupil.

Already in the passage he heard Henriette's silvery, bell-like voice, and the old teacher was

well pleased to find his favourite pupil practising so diligently in the early morning, and when she had no idea of his coming. Softly he opened the door of the room, and, unseen by the charming girl, who sat at the piano, he stood listening eagerly, and smiling delightedly when she sang a passage over and over again till it succeeded faultlessly; but, when she accomplished a very difficult "coloratura" with a firmness and sureness bordering on boldness, he clapped his hands approvingly and cried: "You are a splendid girl, Yetterl, and three days from now you are to appear as the princess in 'Johann von Paris.'"

The young girl, who had sprung up, and, glowing with pleasure at the applause and praise, hastened to her master, started back pale with fright at the important and astonishing announcement; she was not able to utter a word, but her expressive face and her fine blue eyes spoke an eloquent language.

"My dear child, take courage," said Trie-bensee consolingly, as she stood there, white and trembling. "Do you believe I would have said you could sing the princess's part if it were not so? And will you not do honour to your old friend and master; shall he not be proud of you?"

A pleasurable excitement took hold of the young girl. The roses bloomed again upon her suddenly paled cheeks, her eyes beamed with courage and enthusiasm; yes, her whole face shone with a consecration to art, and with a firm voice she said:

"You have said, master, that I can do it. Your word shall not be disgraced. In three days I shall be ready to appear as Princess of Navarre."

"God bless you, my child!"

"Do you know Gerstacker is to sing Johann von Paris to-morrow?" cried one passer-by to the other. "I am hurrying to secure tickets; there is said to be a great rush for them."

"But the prima donna is ill; who is going to sing the princess?"

"Little Sontag, the daughter of the actress."

"She? Why, it is not long since she played the children's parts,—she was always a pretty little thing,—but she must be still very young."

Such and similar remarks might have been heard on the day before the performance. They were also interchanged when the theatre had received the enormous crowd which waited eagerly in spite of the intense heat for the expected treat of seeing the celebrated guest as Johann von Paris. At last he appeared and sang and acted so enchantingly that the public gave expression to their thanks and admiration in the most enthusiastic manner. Here and there acquaintances remarked to each other, "That poor little Henriette, poor little girl, it cannot be a successful *début* beside such an artist!" Now the arrival of the princess was announced. All eyes were directed towards the door, where appeared suddenly one of the loveliest forms which perhaps ever trod a stage. In the short space of two years, which had elapsed since Henriette Sontag had been seen in child's parts upon the boards, the lovely bud had blossomed into a charming flower; she was endued with so much grace and beauty, united to maidenly dignity, that involuntarily all hearts went out to the lovely image. And when Johann, entranced by the appearance of the noble Donna, sings:

"Welcher Reiz in frischer Blüte
Welche Sanftmuth im Blick
Jeder Zug bezeichnet Güte
Strahlt Frohsinn zurück"—

then the eyes of the assembled multitude were fastened on her, who stood there, the embodiment of these words; and a faint murmur of applause became more and more audible.

Shy and womanly, but neither awkward nor nervous, the princess stepped forward, and the first tones fell like pearls from her rosy lips with such fulness, such sweet tenderness, that perfect stillness now reigned in the house, lately so excited. In Henriette's large blue eyes, which were a mirror of her pure soul, a clear light shone when the first soft Brava! sounded; it was worth more to her than a loud storm of applause, for it came from her teacher, the old director, who, delighted at the purity of her intonation, as well as the noble bearing of his pupil, could no longer repress his joy. He had certainly not imagined that his low cry of applause would be the signal for a burst of stormy appreciation such as seldom falls to the lot of so young a talent. This unusual show of approval appeared not only to surprise, but also to confuse the young girl; her voice faltered for a moment; but she soon overcame her emotion, and now, emboldened by the appreciation, the tones resounded fuller, clearer, and fresher, till a wonderful trill of great beauty and extraordinary duration—so that the director held his breath—ended the magnificent Aria, "Wie begeisternd wirkt das Reisen." From this moment her triumph was decided, with this aria the young novice had raised herself to the first rank of singers, and the famous guest had to share the honours of the evening with the little beginner.

Behind the scenes Henriette was received at the end of the first act by her delighted mother and her deeply moved teacher.

"I knew my brave girl would not disgrace me, but that your teacher could be so proud of you, I should hardly have thought. What a trill that was; I thought it would never end; I should have been afraid if my joy would have allowed it. Such a child still, and yet she can sing so that one must bow before her. Listen, Yetterl, you will earn fame and honour, and when you are crowned with laurel, and I perhaps am resting in my grave, think sometimes of your old master."

The deeply moved girl could only silently raise his hand to her lips.

Both must go back to the stage.

In the second act the favourite troubadour-song made a great sensation; Johann von Paris was obliged to sing his verse again, but with the princess that was not enough. Da capo, and again da capo, for the third time Henriette had to repeat hers. The audience was seized by an increasing enthusiasm, and yet it was no pretended applause, no feigned delight, but the expression of pure satisfaction, to which was added in the case of Henriette Sontag a pleased astonishment that so young a girl could produce anything so perfect. Amid the greatest delight, and grateful recognition of the rare treat, for Gerstacker had never sung better, the curtain fell, and in honour to the guest, as was proper, Gerstacker's name only resounded first. The curtain rose, he appeared hesitatingly, seeming to feel there was something wanting; after a bow he retired, and now on a more pressing call for him and Henriette again advanced. In triumph he led the girl forward, now very shy, and endless applause greeted both, which did not cease till Gerstacker made a sign that he wished to speak.

Stepping up to the front of the stage, he said, pointing to his companion:—"Although she has to-day recommended herself to you in the most effectual manner, I would like to recommend to you for the future this young girl. Looking forward with prophetic eye, I tell you this novice will one day be honoured as the first singer of Germany, and garlands of fame will wind themselves round the name of Henriette Sontag." So ended the unrehearsed *début* of the youthful singer. That the prophecy was fulfilled

every one, who is in the least acquainted with the history of music knows. Perhaps no singer has had greater and more deserved triumphs, perhaps no woman's name has shone more brightly under the threefold crown: the first singer, the most faithful wife, the best mother.

Now she is resting from her rich and varied life in her grave in the quiet cloister, but the name of Henriette Sontag is immortal.

—From the German of Sophie Vercua.

Wet Fingers and Hands.

—:o:—

SIR.—Many pianists (and violinists) complain of the inconvenience caused by inordinate moisture or perspiration of the hands before, during, or after playing.

This affection, called in medical science Hyperidrosis, is connected in most cases with general weakness of the nervous system. It sometimes runs in families, and is bequeathed from father to child. Generally the feet and armpits suffer in a [similar manner; sometimes only one side of the body is affected.

As this affection most decidedly has its origin in weakness, it of course is treated with tonics, like quinine, arsenic, iron, even strychnine, which, however, should only be taken under proper medical advice. But a local treatment is also in most cases necessary. People who suffer from this affection ought always to wash with Juniper tar soap, and sometimes moisten their hands with a very hot sponge. Merely warm applications make the ailment worse.

There exist also a large number of external remedies, which are of great help. For instance, one part of ammonia mixed with three parts of water, applied with a sponge; or one part of vinegar with three parts of water; or one part of acidum sulphuricum dilutum with eighty parts of water. But the best lotion seems to be the linimentum belladonnae, which is applied to the parts affected. A teaspoonful poured into the one hand and rubbed in with the other is also a good thing, especially when the whole hand is affected.

I give these remedies after consulting high medical authority, and hope that one or the other may benefit those of your readers who may be similarly affected.

—I remain, yours truly,

BERNHARD ALTHAUS
(R.A.M., Berlin and Leipzig).

162 PORTSDOWN ROAD, W.

Leaved-Dropping.

—:o:—

(Song of a Brook.)

Through the meadows ever straying,
With the darting swallows playing,

Merrily I sing.

On my banks the bluebells growing,

To the music of my flowing,

Sweet refrains do ring.

By the shady, mossy brink,

Where the drowsy cattle drink,

Stands the maiden fair;

Through the tasseled larches glinting,

Saucy sunbeams are imprinting

Kisses on her hair.

In her hand a daisy swinging,

Now its fairy petals flinging

On my rippling tide;

"Will he ever love me dearly?

Will he ever love me truly?

Me, and none beside?"

Softly now a step approaches,

Now a hand the hazel arches

Gently puts aside;

And a soft voice answers clearly,

"He will ever love thee dearly,

Through life's changeable tide."

LUCY LESTER.

Some Famous Violinists.

THE violin is of all instruments one that can boast a famous history, and the art of violin-playing, whereby the almost illimitable resources of the instrument have been developed, has given it much of its fame. The instrument itself has stood still for centuries, but violin-playing has gone on apace. This glorious art—seen in perfection in such exponents as Joachim, Sarasate, Sainton, and our own countryman Carrodus—is a development of some two centuries of application and talent on the part of men who have loved the instrument much in the same way that its greatest performers love it now. In making a retrospect, then, to see when violin-playing began in earnest, one is at once struck with the length of time during which it has held favour as a solo instrument. There is a pleasant side to all this. When we reflect upon the peculiar charm of the tones of a violin; the hours of solitude it has chased away; the sympathetic recollections which a few bars played upon it will rouse up; the associations which gather round this real family favourite—for in out-of-the-way places where pianofortes are not, the violin is still the great mover in all that is musically solacing—when all this is considered, there is little wonder that men have grown actually to love the instrument, and have become so wedded to it, that as a companion by day or by night, in prosperity and adversity, its possession and presence have been essential to very existence. The violin has always been a favourite instrument with men, and it is among such that we must look for the most prominent performers on this leading member of the great orchestral family. It is true that in recent years it has become fashionable as a lady's instrument, and one can cast one's thoughts towards many talented lady amateurs who do real justice to the instrument, while some two or three professional lady players have quite identified their names with it. But with all this it is unlikely that women will ever seriously threaten a field which the stronger sex have made so much their own. Graceful as is a violin in the hands of a woman, it is an instrument demanding greater vigour, wider breadth of treatment than is met with in the average female organization; though, on the other hand, the emotional element, so much stronger in women than in men, and so indispensable to perfect violin-playing, will always bring the instrument within range of woman's ambition. Prejudice may have had something to do with the matter, but it is more likely that the incessant application, and the years of study which its perfect playing involves, have been the chief impediments to its being generally adopted by women. Given nevertheless perseverance, exceptional musical talent, a strong, healthy constitution, and a vivid imagination, and there is no reason why any girl should not essay such a position as Madame Norman Neruda has won in this realm of art.

As we look to Italy—the cradle of art—for much that is greatest in music, so must we turn thither to find the first links in that great chain of famous violinists which includes the names of Lulli, Corelli, and Tartini, Giardini, Spohr, Paganini, Viotti, Ole Bull, and De Beriot. It is with Lulli that the history of violin-playing really begins, and he was born as far back as the year which found Laud Archbishop of Canterbury, and in which Milton's "Allegro" and "Penseroso" first saw the light. As a fact,

however, we can look further back than this if we content ourselves with the absence of exact data. As early as 1590 there was Giovanni Battista, a distinguished performer frequently referred to by old writers; and another notable Italian was a Catholic priest, Padre Castrovilli, a Roman ecclesiastic, who gave not less time to his musical studies than to his clerical duties. A famous pupil of this "father" was Bassani, a Venetian, who in his turn instructed Corelli, besides finding time and diligence to publish, in 1679, several sonatas for the violin. Corelli taught Locatelli, who much influenced the development of Paganini's remarkable and mystic genius. And so we lead on to the great names in this famous art-walk. Of course other countries besides Italy claim the merit of contributing some of the world's early violinists. France, for instance, owned, as early as about 1630, Constantine, Lazarin, Foucard, Boccan; while Germany, which was to give us in our own times Joachim, the prince of violinists, brings up the rear with Walther, an ingenious violinist at the Court of Saxony, who published several works, and flourished about the year 1675. But to revert to LULLI—for he is the first link in the great chain of the world's greatest performers upon this truly great instrument. He was born in 1633. With some luck, which always seems to have clung to him, he was constantly coming under the eyes of nobles and royalty. He began life as page to Louis XIV., and later on, a peep into the royal kitchen, whither he had been relegated for misconduct, shows him amid greasy pots and pans treating his fellow-servants to some glorious strains from a new violin—his old one having been smashed over his head by the infuriated *chef*. A deliverer from scullery drudgery arose in the person of the Compte de Thyeut, who begged Mademoiselle de Montpensier to interest herself in the talented youth. In a few years Lulli had risen from a *sous marmiton* to leader of the king's band—*les petits violons du Roi*, and director of the Paris Grand Opera! Honours rested lightly on him; success after success intoxicated Lulli; he took to drinking, and practically died from it—the immediate cause of death being inflammation. Louis XIV. had been very ill, and to celebrate his recovery, had ordered the performance of a solemn "Te Deum." In the excitement of conducting, Lulli struck his foot with the *bâton*. A toe was taken off, then the foot, then the whole limb, and at last Lulli died of the injury, on the 22nd March 1687.

Princeps musicorum, an ardent patron inscribes on the tomb of CORELLI—a name dear to all lovers of violin history. Of a meek, timid, and retiring disposition, which bore itself under the plainest of plain clothes, his outward appearance gave little indication of the real greatness of the man. As a violinist, Corelli's playing was learned and elegant, with firm and even tone, which, we are reminded, was "occasionally impressed with feeling." It was not without mental effort to himself, for in playing his countenance would become distorted, his eyes red like fire, while his eyeballs would roll as if he were in agony. He may safely be credited with having laid the basis of true violin-playing. Corelli was born in 1653, and died in 1713. Contemporary, therefore, with him were the BANNISTERS, father and son, two Englishmen of whom we have good reason to be proud. John, the father, was a born violinist. He picked up his art wherever he could, and succeeded in attracting the notice of Charles II., who, with a restored monarchy, was not indisposed to give a thought to native talent. The king's French sympathies were the downfall of Bannister, who lost his place as head of the court band through an ardent utterance to the

effect that English violinists were superior to those of France. The father's cloak fell on Charles, the son, who is the Bannister referred to in the little coteries which used to assemble at Britton's—the small coal dealer, off Clerkenwell Green, where Handel, Pepusch, and others used to "hobble up stair by stair" to a back-yard room, to administer to the musical enjoyment of the Countess of Queensberry and other court beauties who attended these musical *réunions*.

Eminent among reasoners with the violin stands TARTINI. He was something more than a mere player; he was a thinker in his art. A pupil of Veracini, he seems to have inherited the same convictions concerning style as had characterized the playing and compositions of Corelli. He held rightly enough that breadth and expression in playing were more to be cultivated than those *tours de force*, those feats of skill and *technique* which, wonderful as they are, only surprise the listener, and do not fulfil the peculiar mission of the instrument in its power to touch the very soul of its hearer. So convinced did Tartini more and more become of the power of grace and expression above the gymnastics of the instrument, that at the age of fifty-two he gave proof of the sincerity of a convinced mind, and completely changed the style of his playing, giving his whole thought to adagio playing, and this with such success that his contemporaries esteemed him inimitable in the rendering of slow movements. There need be little questioning of any man who on all sides is admitted to be superior in his particular work. "*Il Maestro delle Nazioni*," the finest musician in the world, the Italians declared him to be; and it was out of compliment to the excellent style of bowing which Tartini sought, even with tears, to inculcate among his beloved pupils that the French nation—ever ready to recognise remarkable merit—proclaimed Tartini *le législateur de l'archet*. Of the one hundred and fifty compositions which Tartini left at his death, the best known as well as the most romantic is the "*Trillo del Diavolo*" or Devil's Sonata. The story about it is too long to tell here. Suffice it to say that its composer dreamed that he was visited by his Satanic Majesty, who took up the violin and played then and there a sonata so beautiful that it excited Tartini to wakefulness. Alas! the devil had gone and the music with him. Nevertheless, Tartini jotted down his recollections of the music, with the result found in this particular score.

A propos of the difficulty attached to learning the violin, it was Giardini, a famous Piedmontese player, who, on being asked how long it would take to learn the violin, exclaimed, "Twelve hours a day for twenty years together!" a rejoinder which he might as well have left unsaid for the benefit of the many who can never attain to perfection in anything, yet for whom patience and perseverance are equally valuable acquirements. Giardini, brilliant as a performer, not less so in the superb green and gold dress which he wore, with three such glorious gold buttons on the sleeve as to quite glitter in the imagination of a critic who wrote several years afterwards—this Giardini was the exponent of a broad and powerful style united with much grace and expression. But there arose a greater and a more brilliant light in the musical world, and European capitals soon resounded with the name of VIOTTI—truly a "master" in the annals of violin-playing. We see in him a link between the old masters of the instrument and the *virtuosi* who with the charm of their art have so delighted this generation. Paris first opened her arms to Viotti, and ere long his sublimely-gifted bow was heard throughout Europe. Eminent from the moment

when he made his *début*, he may justly be said to have handed to the artists of this generation his own skill and the best traditions of the old masters' style now heard in such perfection in several of our present day violinists. When Viotti appeared, so fine a performer had not before been heard, and the perfection of style was reached in his fine tone and sustained elegance, combined with a fire and variety quite incomparable. Viotti's period was 1755-1824, and it was at this time that a host of great players came before the world—men like Rode, "the Correggio of the violin;" Oury, Cramer, Romberg, Mayseder, and the immortal Spohr. Suddenly their light was extinguished by the most brilliant orb that has ever shone in this quarter of the musical firmament. PAGANINI appeared, and the dazzling splendour of his genius carried every eye towards him. Thrilled into musical existence by the mystic story of a longing mother, Paganini's whole life became mysterious to a degree. "An angel gloriously bright once appeared to me in a dream, and promised to grant to me my prayer that you should be the greatest of all violinists." Thus the fond mother prattled with her offspring. Not so the father. Passionately fond of music, he relied only upon thrashing this fondness, with interest, into the child, until terrified music burst from the tender soul of six years. The barbarous cruelty was successful. Nicolo developed a deep hatred for his home, and left it for a wandering life among the Italian cities. His musical fame grew apace. Crowds flocked to hear him, and even to see him, for an atmosphere of the unreal—something of the supernatural—was attaching itself to his name. Friends or foes spread the report that he had made a compact with Satan: his extraordinary performances on the fourth string were attributed to the incessant practice he had enjoyed on this one string while undergoing a long term of imprisonment, during which all his violin strings had broken except the fourth! The bewildering showers of notes which fell from the touches of his prolific bow, the harmonics, the *pizzicato* passages—these were avowed to be the joint work of an assistant, the gentleman with whom Paganini was in league. Though he looked so much a wreck, he was reported to have discovered the elixir of life, when in reality he was only a firm believer in a patent medicine, which finally killed him. It was declared, too, that a tall, dark shadow had been seen bending over him at one of his concerts and directing his hand; and that on another occasion nine or ten mystic hands were hovering about the strings of his violin. No wonder, then, that when on the 3rd June 1831 Paganini emerged from the side scenes of the King's Theatre, Haymarket, something more than a musical enthusiasm held the breath of one of the most brilliant assemblies that had ever met to greet any artist. There stood the man—the living exemplification of all the fame and libels and gossip which had preceded him. Nobody thought his picture had been overdrawn, musically or morally. His strange reputation clung to him to his dying day—even to the point of the refusal of the Genoese authorities to bury his remains. Ole Bull, De Beriot, Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, and Sivori followed Paganini; but the light of the brilliant star of the south is not yet paled.

FREDERICK J. CROWHURST.

ANOTHER operatic company, the Standard, has come to grief in the United States. The members are reported to be at Albany city in a state of destitution.

In Memoriam.

PASDELOUP.

BY H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

"PAPA" Pasdeloup who has just died has done on a large orchestral scale in Paris what Professor Ella has done for instrumental and lyrical chamber music in England. He taught the French to listen *en masse* to classical music, and, in spite of their bitter prejudices, to applaud Wagner, so much so that in 1868, a year of considerable musical depression, Pasdeloup actually made a financial success at the Théâtre Lyrique out of "Rienzi." They called him in Paris, where they loved him, "Papa." There was a patriarchal kindness and simplicity about the man, together with a refinement and culture which seemed to impose at once affection and admiration and respect. His vocation was undoubted; his experience vast; his ability many-sided; his success unique. He was gifted with a certain foresight and tenacious enterprise, which enabled him to breast unpopularity and hold out until he had convinced his public. More than once beneath his firm rule the Parisians were made to feel that they had been wrong and he right. He did a great deal for Beethoven and Mendelssohn, but he was also the pioneer of Gounod and Wagner. It was always known that when "Papa" Pasdeloup had "declared" himself he would never give in. When the Frenchmen thought it *chic* to hiss "Lohengrin" under his *bâton*, they were soon made to feel like naughty children, and the music of "Lohengrin" appeared again and again in the programme of the Cirque d'Hiver until the naughty boys who had been whipped again by "Papa" Pasdeloup rent the air with spontaneous applause of Wagner, and extolled the irresistible art-might of the hated German. The "Papa" always believed in the people. He was the first to cheapen the prices of high-class concerts in Paris. For about sevenpence, under his new regime, everybody in Paris could hear the best music. He loved his public even when it resisted his inflexible firmness, and he won their love. As governor of the Chateau of St. Cloud in the early days, he touched political and social circles not always open to musicians, and he carried a wide knowledge of men and what Lord Beaconsfield used to call "a great capacity for affairs" into his subsequent career as a professional musician. He was a consummate organizer, a magnetic conductor, and a man in all artistic matters of intuitive perception and dauntless courage, whilst a certain personal enthusiasm and suave dignity of character raised him above the fury of the cliques and enabled him to neutralize the venom of party feeling.

But Pasdeloup's reign could not last for ever. Imitation is no doubt the sincerest form of flattery; but imitation always ends in the over-supply of a want, and sometimes in the ruin of an inventor. For twenty-two years, from 1861 to 1884, the people's conductor carried on his monster concerts every season in the Cirque d'Hiver; but their success was no longer an isolated phenomenon. Other and younger caterers rushed in; and just as Ella's Musical Union, after setting the model for countless similar entertainments, lived on to find itself and its gifted originator at last superannuated, so suddenly it was rumoured in 1884 that the Pasdeloup concerts would not be resumed, and that the "Papa" himself was in financial difficulties. Economy had never been the "Papa's"

forte; and it was known that principally, so it was whispered, owing to the tastes of Madame, his household expenditure had been excessive. How all Paris first shrugged its shoulders—as who should say "we can do without the concerts, there are plenty of others," and then with a generous and altogether French reaction of sentiment grew watery about the eyes—as who should say "but we cannot do without our 'Papa';" how M. Colonne then generously stepped forward and organized a monster festival at the Trocadero—at which all the greatest living artists assisted; how Pasdeloup was present and conducted Gounod's "Meditation;" how, at the close, the venerable Gounod himself ascended the raised dais, and advancing towards the still more venerable "Papa," presented him with a magnificent wreath of roses; how amidst the "applaudissements frénétiques," the old men fell into each other's arms and wept—after which the greatest living composer presented to the people the greatest living conductor, and the greatest living conductor presented to them the greatest living composer; and how everybody then wept and said France and Gounod and Pasdeloup were "sublimes," and went home and played dominoes and cursed the Germans—all this, is it not written in the "journals" and become a tradition on the "Bulleyards"? That day, however, was the culminating point in the life of a man whose work was already done. True, the sum raised for Pasdeloup was as handsome as it was quickly spent. True, the concerts were resumed monthly, the last of them being given on Good Friday last; but already the commanding arm and the nervous hand were palsied, and Pasdeloup, who it was known had suffered from paralysis, died suddenly upon the disease reaching his heart on Saturday morning the 13th of August 1887.

No one who met Pasdeloup, even casually, could fail to be struck with his open geniality, his exquisite courtesy of manner, and his serious enthusiasm. We met him when he was last in London at the last series of Ella's Musical Union. It was an interesting occasion. The veteran Ella was there, very deaf and rapidly going blind, but as usual superintending every section of the performance with minute care—arranging his desks, and summoning his performers. "Ah!" said Pasdeloup, "here I come always to the concerts of my *bon Ella*—C'est ici seulement en Angleterre que je respire toujours l'atmosphère de l'art pur." I think Ella now in his venerable retirement could hardly dream of a more dignified and loving tribute to his life-work.

It is not pleasant to recall, in view of Pasdeloup's generous appreciation of English efforts, the ungenerous reception offered him by the English critics when he tried to introduce us in London to Berlioz' "Faust" music—they would not even give it a second hearing. But it is also instructive to note that again "Papa" Pasdeloup was right, for since then, of all Berlioz' works, the "Faust" music alone has been frequently heard in England and become widely popular. Men of Pasdeloup's stamp are too rare; when they pass away, every civilized nation owes them at least a funeral wreath of grateful memory.

After absorbing railways, torpedo boats, and a national debt, with other adjuncts of civilisation, the Turks have taken to comic opera. A company has been formed in Constantinople, which will proceed to Egypt, and ultimately as far as Naples. The conductor rejoices in the name of Armeno Tchobadjian, and one of the principal works in the repertoire is "Leblebidji Horkor"!

Chopin's Life.

IV.

VOYAGE TO ENGLAND, AND LAST YEAR IN PARIS.

If there was danger to his weakened constitution in the journey to London, it was counterbalanced by the change and the diversion of his thoughts from the painful subject on which they had dwelt so long. The man who remains on the scene of his losses will not recover; for grief, like a plant, takes its nourishment from the soil where it is rooted. Lonely is the heart and empty the world where man has lost what he held most dear! Thus was it with Chopin when he left Paris. Before his departure he gave a farewell concert in Pleyel's salon, in which he gave expression to his unspeakable grief in tones that moved the hearts of all to deep sympathy. All felt deeply that they had heard him for the last time, and the presentiment was only too true!

In London he was received with the greatest distinction. His works had found there an intelligent audience, they were played by the best virtuosi, and were highly commended by the press. There had also appeared an interesting pamphlet entitled, "An Essay on the Works of F. Chopin," from which we quote the following characteristic remarks:—"One thing is certain, any one wishing to play Chopin's Preludes and Etudes with appropriate feeling and the proper expression, must be an accomplished pianist. The imagination of a poet, the virtuosity of the pianist, the faculties of the thinker and of the musician, are required throughout in order to understand them and to give life and speech to their manifold changes of expression. Commonplaces are instinctively avoided in Chopin's works; you will look in vain for a weak cadence, a trite phrase, a sleepy subject, a hackneyed modulation, a common melody, a used-up passage, a thin harmony, or an unskillful counterpoint. All his compositions are distinguished by uncommon yet beautiful feeling; they are treated in an original and most successful manner; his melody is not only fresh, full of life and overpowering, it is also completely unexpected and outside the beaten tracks. In opening one of Chopin's works one seems to enter fairy-land, so seldom opened to the eye of ordinary mortals, one treads a path opened for the first time by this great artist. To do anything like justice to this music, an unshaken belief, attentive zeal, a desire to appreciate, and a firm will to thoroughly understand it are indispensable."

This impartial and competent criticism, given at a time when Chopin was comparatively unknown, gives evidence of the great intelligence of the author. The path of honour and recognition was opened to Chopin by it, and the first salons of London vied for the honour of his presence.

Chopin only played twice publicly in London, but he performed more frequently at private parties given by the members of the highest aristocracy; he was also presented to the Queen. A journey to Edinburgh and his restless life in the turmoil of London brought on a renewal of his illness, and the doctors advised his immediate return to France. This was, alas! postponed, and although the homage paid him was balm for his wounded heart, his diseased lungs could not recover in this foggy climate. He was at last forced to return to France, first giving a farewell concert in aid of the unfortunate Poles; it was the last farewell to his countrymen.

When back in Paris a new misfortune befell him. His physician, Dr. Molin, who had saved his life in 1847, and who possessed his fullest confidence, died suddenly, a victim to his unceasing zeal in his profession. This painful loss was Chopin's death-blow, for he placed no confidence in any other doctor. In the winter 1848, he was no longer able to work consecutively for any length of time; he could do no more than make short sketches. He had begun to compile a pianoforte school; but like many other works, it remained unfinished and was with them

committed to the flames, so that nothing might remain unfinished after his death. Soon the power of speech forsook him; he could only whisper and was unable to leave his bed. His sister Louisa hastened to him from Warsaw to share with Gutmann the task of nursing him. That strange characteristic of his malady—extreme hopefulness in the most hopeless stage—was also shown by Chopin, who even rented another house, occupying himself with all the details of the furnishing. It was a singular coincidence that the furniture was moved into the new house on the day of Chopin's death, while his resting-place in the cold earth was being prepared. Neither spring nor summer brought relief from the daily inroads his complaint was making, which often caused him to suffer agonies of pain. Thus autumn approached, that season in which the flowers and so many human beings are hurried to their grave, when nature wraps herself in a robe of mourning and spreads a pall over the earth. It was in this season of decay that the angel of death approached Chopin, to lead him to those unknown regions from where there is no returning.

"On Sunday the 15th of October," writes Liszt, "Chopin was seized with still more acute attacks of pain, which continued for several hours, and which he bore with great patience and fortitude. The Countess Delphine Potocka, who was at his side, was greatly moved, and shed bitter tears to see him suffer so much. Chopin beheld her standing at the foot of his bed, her graceful figure robed in white, her countenance more lovely than that of an angel. He, no doubt, thought her an apparition from heaven, and during a respite of one of his paroxysms he begged her to sing to him. We thought at first that his mind was wandering, but he repeated his request in such an imploring manner that we could not resist. The piano, which stood in his salon, was moved to the door of his bedroom, and the Countess sang amid tears and sobs. Never before had her wonderful voice shown such expression and pathos. Chopin seemed to suffer less in listening to these sounds. She sang the well-known aria to the virgin which, tradition says, once saved Stradella's life. Chopin whispered: 'Oh, how beautiful! my God, how beautiful!—Once more, I pray you!' Although completely unnerved, the Countess yet retained sufficient control to fulfil the dying wish of her friend and compatriot. Once more she sat down at the piano and sang a Psalm by Marcello. Chopin became worse, and, greatly alarmed, all present fell on their knees. Nobody dared to speak, only the voice of the Countess was heard floating like music of the spheres over the sobs which weirdly accompanied it. Chopin's sister was praying and weeping at his side. On the Monday morning Chopin rallied and expressed a wish to receive the extreme unction, but during the day the paroxysms returned. During the night from the Monday to the Tuesday he spoke no more, nor did he seem to recognise the persons who stood around his bed. About eleven o'clock he began to feel rather better, then a kind of lethargy supervened, which lasted till the 17th of October. At two o'clock that night the final struggle began, cold sweat flowed from his brow. After a short slumber he asked in a scarcely audible voice, 'Who is with me?' He then bent his head to kiss Gutmann's hand, and while giving this last token of friendship and gratitude he breathed his last. Loving he died, even as his whole life had been one of love!"

In death his face, surrounded by flowers, showed again its old freshness, purity, and peace. His youthful beauty, which had been obscured by painful suffering, reappeared. The sculptor Clesinger took a cast of his features, which he afterwards modelled and executed in marble for Chopin's monument. The funeral took place on the 30th of October in the Church of St. Madelaine, when, by Chopin's express desire, Mozart's Requiem was performed. Liszt describes the ceremony as follows:—"The most eminent artists of Paris vied with each other to take part in the service. It began with Chopin's funeral march, scored for this occasion by Reber. During the offertory Léfebure-Wély played his preludes in B and E minor on the organ. The solo parts were sung by Mesdames Viardot and Castellan. Lablache sang the 'Tuba mirum,' which he had also sung at Beethoven's funeral. Meyerbeer and Prince Adam Gartoryski opened the cortège. The pall-bearers

were Prince Alexander Gartoryski and Mm. Delacroix, Franchomme, and Gutmann."

Such were the honours paid in death to this great artist and noble man. The grave closed over his ashes, but his works will for ever remain immortal.

The poor invalid had had everything he could desire during his last illness. His sister, Madame Louise Iedovszicz, had hastened to his bedside to nurse her dearly-loved brother. Princesses and countesses lent their services in turn as sisters of mercy to help to restore to life the much-loved artist, or at least to soothe his last moments. One of his pupils, Miss Stirling, had in the most noble and delicate manner contributed 20,000 francs to diminish his earthly cares. But everything was in vain; his diseased lungs were past healing. On the 17th of October 1849, towards three o'clock in the morning, he breathed his last, mourned by faithful friends, who covered his mortal remains with flowers, changing his death-chamber into blossoming garden of spring.

Accidentals.

THE 500th performance of Gounod's "Faust" will shortly take place at the Grand Opéra in Paris. Great preparations are being made to celebrate this occasion. It will have taken the Opéra twenty-eight years to make up the record of 500, "Faust" having been produced at the Théâtre Lyrique in 1859, with Madame Miolan Carvalho as Marguerite.

IT would be interesting if some enterprising statistician were to reckon up the total number of all the performances of "Faust" which have taken place throughout the world. In our recent operatic seasons in London "Faust" came out second in the statistics of popularity, "Carmen" being an easy first, and "Lohengrin" a good third.

GOUNOD has been asked to conduct the 500th representation, but he has refused. It would have given him the greatest pleasure, he says, to have taken up the conductor's baton if the work to be performed for the 500th time had been one of Mozart's! Gounod's profound admiration for Mozart is well known, and we may regard his action in this matter as an illustration of the modesty of true genius.

AMONG the inventions called forth by the recent terrible fires in theatres, is a new kind of incombustible scenery. It consists of fine wire-gauze covered over with a paste which is incombustible, and even prevents the wire-gauze from becoming glowing. The paste can be painted with all colours, so that the effect of the scenery is not impaired, and the wire-gauze is so thin that the whole scene can be shifted and wound up without difficulty.

THE Mikado Company are still scoring fresh triumphs on the Continent. They are now going to Holland.

How jealous are our neighbours across the Channel, even in matters of art! The German artiste Fräulein Leisinger was lately engaged by Mm. Ritt and Gailhard for the Grand Opéra in Paris. She was no sooner engaged than people began to make uncomplimentary remarks about *la Prussienne*. She was advised to pass herself off for a Swede, but this she very properly declined to do, and she has now returned to the Fatherland with an indemnity of six months' salary in her pocket.

THE Physiological Institute at Leipzig is the happy possessor of a tuning-fork weighing over sixty pounds! It comes from a factory at Hanau, but we fancy the manufacturer does not keep many in stock.

IT is not often that an infraction of rules has so fortunate a result as that which has saved from destruction the late Felicien David's hitherto unperformed opera, "Le Bon Fermier de Franconville." The MS. was for a long time in the library of the ill-fated Opéra Comique in Paris, and as no copy had ever been made of the work, it was supposed that the original had been burnt in the fire. Last week, however, the precious bundle was discovered among some papers at the private residence of the manager, M. Carvalho. The Opéra Comique director had some idea of producing the opera, and in defiance of the regulations, which strictly enjoin that no original manuscript should be taken out of the theatre, it seems he had taken it home to read at his leisure, and had afterwards forgotten all about it. Doubtless all is well that ends well, but the ease with which, even for good and valid reasons, valuable manuscripts can thus be removed from their proper places and be temporarily lost sight of, must give rise to somewhat uncomfortable reflections.—*Daily News.*

* * *

NIKITA'S experiences among the Indians are illustrated in a scherzettino entitled "Night at Niagara," by Signor Romili, which has won the popular favour at Her Majesty's. It is described as follows :

This short piece is designed to illustrate the custom of the Niagara Indians, who assemble every evening around their camp fire, and after forming themselves into a circle, chant a weird hymn while the pipe of peace is passed round from one to the other, until the circle is complete, after which they murmur their satisfaction in chorus until, at a signal from their chief, they suddenly rise and quietly retire to their wigwams.

* * *

IT seems that "Music as she is known" ought to be the title of the next humourous book. The Society of Arts examinations have recently provoked the statements that Mozart was a "German, born somewhere in the nineteenth century;" another candidate declared the composer was "born in 1756 at a very early age," while another was of opinion that he "was born in 1795 and died in 1659," which, if true, must be one of the most extraordinary lives on record. The following musicians are credited by various candidates with the composition of "Le Nozze di Figaro," to wit, Donizetti, Gounod, Stern-dale Bennett, and Costa. Another gentleman declared that Bach died in 1880, and that "his fame rests on his passions;" while yet another was of opinion that Gounod wrote "Othello" and "The Three Holy Children."—*Figaro.*

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THERE is a likelihood that a musical exhibition will be held at Warsaw similar to the proposed exhibition at Bologna in 1888, which we described last June.

* * *

THE Paris pitch is being gradually brought into use in the German army. It will, however, be 1891 before the change is fully carried into effect.

* * *

The Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, under Mr. Barnby, will give during the season Sullivan's "Golden Legend" and Verdi's "Requiem," besides the "Messiah," the "Creation," "Israel in Egypt," "Elijah," and Berlioz' "Faust."

* * *

At the Paris "Théâtre des Nations" a metallic screen can be lowered at any time by an electrical contrivance, which can be set in operation by touching one of numerous electric buttons placed about the auditorium. The same current also opens a sort of window to let out smoke, and also the eleven doors provided for the exit of actors and spectators. Should no one remember to touch the electric buttons in case of panic, the heat of a conflagration would make the apparatus act automatically.

* * *

MUSIC is acquiring an ever-increasing domain. This autumn there will be Italian Opera at Tunis. At Batavia the season has begun; and, to come nearer home, there will be Italian and French Opera next spring at the new Boulevard Theatre at Bucharest.

The Winter's Campaign.

—: o :—

THE Crystal Palace Concerts commence on Oct. 8. There will be a concert performance of "Don Giovanni" on Oct. 29, the centenary of its production; and the anniversary of Schumann's death (Nov. 19) will be duly celebrated. Sullivan's "Golden Legend" will be again repeated; and Cowen's "Ruth" will be produced. A new symphony by Dvorák appears in the list of novelties, which includes a large number of works by rising English composers. Musical settings of Tennyson's "Day Dream," by Mr. Charlton T. Speer, and of Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter," by Mr. Hamish MacCunn. Mr. Hamish MacCunn also contributes a Scotch concert overture, "Land of the Mountain and the Flood;" Mr. George J. Bennett is represented by an overture entitled "Jugendtraume," and the more familiar name of Mr. Goring Thomas is down for a Ballet Suite. The first portion of the season will terminate on Dec. 17; the concerts will be resumed on Feb. 11, and Mr. Mann's Benefit is fixed for April 21.

The Popular Concerts commence on the 24th of October, and the season is to extend until March 26. Josef Hoffman will play at some of the earlier concerts previous to his departure for America.

Mr. Henschel's second series of London Symphony Concerts will commence on Nov. 15. The concerts will be sixteen in number, the last taking place on Feb. 29. Mr. Henschel has secured Wagner's early Symphony as his chief novelty. M. Saint-Saëns and Dr. Joachim, Madame Norman Neruda, and Herr Stavenhagen are included in the list of artists.

Messrs. Boosey will give fourteen Ballad Concerts, extending from Nov. 23 to March 14.

Novello's Choir will give the first London Performance of Cowen's "Ruth" on Dec. 1, at St. James's Hall.

The Sacred Harmonic Society will begin their season on Nov. 17 with Cousin's "Jubilee Ode" and Bottesini's "Garden of Olivet." The "Messiah," the "Golden Legend," "Elijah," and Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" will be performed, and the season will be brought to a close on March 27 with Cowen's "Ruth."

The Norwich Festival.

—: o :—

THE Norwich Triennial Festival commences on the 11th October, and continues for four days. The following is the programme :—

Oct. 11.—Mackenzie's "Jubilee Ode," M. Saint-Saëns' "Psalm xix," and Mendelssohn's "Lobgesang."

Oct. 12, Morning.—Bottesini's "Garden of Olivet," and Dvorák's "Stabat Mater."

Evening.—Miscellaneous Concert, including Mr. Trout's new Contralto Scena, "The Song of Judith," and Mr. Randegger's "Prayer of Nature."

Oct. 13, Morning.—Mancinelli's "Isaiah," and Cherubini's Fourth Mass in C.

Evening.—Sullivan's "Golden Legend," and Stanford's "Irish Symphony."

Oct. 14, Morning.—"Messiah."

Evening.—Berlioz' "Faust."

The Festival will be held with all the *éclat* which comes from the personal co-operation of distinguished composers. Signor Bottesini and Signor Mancinelli will direct the production of their new works, and the "Irish Symphony" and the "Golden Legend" will also be conducted by the composers. Mr. Barton M'Guckin will sing for the last time previous to his departure for America. Messrs. Lloyd and Wade are the other tenors. The sopranos are Madame Albani, Misses Liza Lehmann and Annie Marriott; the contraltos, Misses Hilda Wilson and Lena Little; the baritones, Messrs. Santley, Brockbank, Alec Marsh, and Barrington Foote. The orchestra includes the names of Messrs. Carrodus, Eayres, Blagrove, Howell, and Reynolds.

Promenade Concerts in St. Petersburg.

—: o :—

HAPPY inhabitants of St. Petersburg! Every night during the months of May, June, July, August, and September, M. Albert Vizentini has discoursed the sweetest of music with his orchestra of sixty performers in the Vauxhall Pavlovsky. We started Vauxhalls ourselves—the name Vauxhall Pavlovsky is sufficiently significant; but our friends in St. Petersburg seem to understand better how to work them. The reader will say, "But what about Dan Godfrey's Band in the Wild West, and the Promenade Concerts?" Well, we should be the last to underrate the excellence of Dan Godfrey's Band, but who has not remarked the threadbare and hackneyed character of Dan Godfrey's programmes? Mr. Gwylym Crowe's programmes at Covent Garden leave much to be desired in the way of variety, and even Signor Arditto at Her Majesty's does not stray far from the beaten track. Perhaps the fault is in the audience, not in the conductors. Anyhow, a perusal of the large bundle of programmes which we have received from M. Vizentini makes us wish we had spent the summer on the banks of the Neva instead of the banks of the Thames. M. Vizentini has conducted as many as 142 concerts, but the most jaded concert-goer must have found something to excite his interest at every concert. The programmes were eclectic enough, such as might be produced by the co-operation of Lieutenant Godfrey, Mr. Gwylym Crowe, Signor Arditto, and Mr. Manns. The lighter element was not forgotten; the names of Strauss, Gungl, Metra, and Fahrbach occur in profusion. But a great portion of the music is such as would make a heavy demand on the intelligence of the audience at our Crystal Palace Saturday afternoon concerts. Saint-Saëns is represented by "Le Rouet d'Omphale," the "Danse Macabre," the "Suite Algérienne" and orchestral movements from "Henry VIII." and "Etienne Marcel." Massenet's "Les Eriunyes," "Fête Bohème," and "Scènes Alsaciennes" were also provided for the delectation of this St. Petersburg Wild West. One particularly interesting element consisted in orchestral selections from rather out-of-the-way operas, such as Bizet's "L'Arlésienne," David's "Perle du Brésil," Adam's "Giralda," Thomas' "Le Caid," and Massé's "Reine Topaze." M. Vizentini naturally gave special predominance to the works of French composers. But it will be seen from the following list of the composers represented that native talent received its due—and rather more, seeing that Chopin is classified as a Russian composer! Alas, poor Poland!

RUSSIA—De Balakirew, Borodine, C. Cui, Dargomyjsky, Glinsk, Ivanov, Lischine, Moussorgsky, Napravnik, Pétrov, Rimsky-Korsakov, Rubinstein, Scholl, Sérov, Soloviev, Tchaikovsky, Chopin.

ITALY—Bazzini, Boccherini, Boito, Bolzoni, Burgmei, Donizetti, Drigo, Faccio, Mancinelli, Pedrotti, Ponchielli, Rossini, Sgambati, Verdi.

FRANCE—Adam, Arban, Auber, Berlioz, Bizet, Boieldieu, Bordier, Broustet, Cahen (A.), Chabrier, David (F.), Delibes, Delibes (Léo), Durand, Dubois (Th.), Godard (B.), Gounod, Grandval (dé), Guiraud, Halévy, Hérold, Hille-macher (frères), Joncières (V.), Lacombe, Lalo (E.), Lecocq (Ch.), Lemaire, Litoff, Massé (Victor), Massenet, Méhul, Metra, Offenbach, Pessard, Pierne, Reber, Rayer, Ritter (Th.), St.-Saëns (C.), Salvayre, Sellenick, Thomé, Waltenfeld, Wekerlin, Widor.

BELGIUM—Benoit (Peters), Dupont (J.), Gevaert, Hansens (Ch.), Jehin (L.), Stafleu, Singelée, Vieuxtemps (H.).

GERMANY AND HUNGARY—Albert, Beethoven, Brahms, Corradi, Devorák (A.), Esser, Farbach (Ph.), Flotow, Fuchs, Gluck, Gungl, Haydn, Hoffmann (Heinrich), Joschin, Kaulich, Keler-Bela, Lachner, Lamé, Labitsky, Lassen (E.), Liszt (F.), Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Meyerbeer, Mozart, Müller-Berghaus, Nicolai, Raff, Scherzer (E.), Schubert (Fr.), Schumann (R.), Spohr, Strauss (J.), Strauss (Ed.), Strobl, Suppé, Taubert, Wagner (Richard), Weber (C. M. von), etc.

SCANDINAVIA—Niels-Gade, Grieg (Ed.), Svendsen.

During the course of the season the services of a large chorus were enlisted for the performance of Berlioz' "Damnation de Faust," David's "Le Désert," Meyerbeer's "Struensee," and Gounod's new mass "Joan of Arc." Special concerts were

also devoted to Glinka, Rubinstein, Tchaikovsky, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Gounod, and Massenet; and Russia, France, Belgium, Italy, and Germany were each assigned a special evening. On the whole, M. Vizentini seems to have given an ideal series of Promenade Concerts. Unfortunately, it is an ideal to which the promenaders both at Covent Garden and Her Majesty's have yet to be educated.

The Worcester Festival.

—o:—

LAST month we described the salient features of the "Three Choirs Festival" with especial reference to Mr. Cowen's "Ruth."

We are now happy to say that all the performances have been crowned with success, musical and financial, as might indeed have been anticipated from the engagement of such artistes as Mme. Albani, Miss Eleanor Rees, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Miss Anna Williams. Full scope for their powers was afforded by a programme which, although wanting in novelties, comprised such works as "Elijah," "Redemption," "Hear my Prayer," and "The Golden Legend."

Opening services took place on Sunday, the 4th September, and included Mendelssohn's "March of the Priests" from "Athalia," with Handel's "Dettingen Te Deum" in the morning; and in the evening the quartette, "God is a Spirit," from Sterndale Bennett's "Woman of Samaria." The Dean of the Cathedral, the Very Rev. John Gott, D.D., delivered a sermon having relation to the events of the coming week. Monday was devoted to full rehearsals of the principal works in the programme, leaving Tuesday as the real opening day, on which were given Mendelssohn's "Elijah" in the morning, and, among other compositions, Sullivan's "Golden Legend" in the evening. The performances were admirable, and in the difficult part of the Prophet Mr. Watkin Mills gave evidence of his rapidly increasing mastery over his art. To mention Mme. Albani is synonymous with praising her; and so also the beauty and pathos of the rendering of Miss Anna Williams and Miss Eleanor Rees were greatly appreciated. Only the sacred character of the building prevented the audience from marked approbation of the unrivalled powers of Mr. Edward Lloyd. The band was conducted in unimpeachable style by Mr. Carrodus, and the "Three Choirs" acquitted themselves creditably. Mendelssohn's beautiful oratorio is becoming more and more popular as it becomes more widely known, and gives promise of rivalling in the public estimation even Handel's "Messiah," which was given at the conclusion of the Festival on Friday, to a very large audience.

On Tuesday much more enthusiasm was evoked in the evening than in the morning, whether because the emotions—which had been dominated in the morning by the solemn interior of the Cathedral—welcomed the freedom from such restraint in the Concert Hall, in which the evening performances took place, or because the genius of the living composer, Sullivan, was more in accord with the spirit of the audience than the more distant and religious nature of Mendelssohn. By whatever cause elicited, such an enthusiasm prevailed during the performance of the "Golden Legend," the first secular performance of the Festival, as to form a just tribute to the splendid efforts of the artistes,—among whom particular praise should be ascribed to the conductor, Mr. C. Lee Williams, Mus. Bac., of Gloucester, for the manner in which he identified himself with the forces under his control. Mr. Williams has, throughout the Festival, shared the conductorship with Mr. W. Done, the revered organist of the Cathedral. The choral parts of the "Legend" were given only by the Leeds Festival Choir, who had the honour of first introducing the work to an English audience at their own Festival, and who on this occasion dispelled by the style of their singing any thought of unfairness having been shown by the Committee in obtaining their assistance. The drama was followed by Henry Leslie's part song, "My love is Fair," and "O mio

Fernando!" in which Miss Rees distinguished herself; and the whole was concluded by Beethoven's "Prometheus" overture.

On Wednesday both performances were sacred, the Cathedral being used on each occasion. Many of the townspeople who could not have been present in the morning thus had an opportunity of hearing Gounod's "Redemption." The conductor was Mr. Lee. The first part of the morning performance consisted of Schubert's "Grand E flat Mass," in Latin, during two numbers of which, the "Gloria" and "Sanctus," the audience were requested to stand, not without comment being raised as to whether the Dean had not in this matter exceeded his prerogative. The mass was succeeded by Mendelssohn's exquisite motett "Hear my Prayer," which, rendered by Mme. Albani, created a profound impression throughout the large audience. The concluding work was Spohr's "Last Judgment."

On Thursday morning Mr. Cowen conducted a most successful performance of his new work "Ruth." The "Hymn of Praise" followed, in which Miss Eleanor Rees and Mr. Barton McGuckin merited special commendation. The evening concert, in the Town Hall, included Stanford's setting of Tennyson's ballad "The Revenge," and the beautiful "Scandinavian Symphony" of the composer of "Ruth."

The work given at the final performance, on the Friday morning, was the "Messiah," which has been performed by the "Three Choirs" at every Festival since 1757, when it was given at Gloucester, about a year and a half before its composer died. On the present occasion the same technical skill and religious earnestness which had been shown in rendering the "Elijah" was displayed in setting forth the grandeur and stately beauty of Handel. A free evening service, held with the same reverence which had marked all the proceedings, brought to a close this worthy successor of a long series of Festivals.

We understand that a large number of stewards not only held themselves financially responsible for the result of the Festival, but aided its success by taking and paying for at least one serial ticket. So far, however, from necessitating any claim on these art-loving patrons, the result is a balance of profit, which has been appropriately devoted to the funds for the orphans and widows of the clergy of the Three Dioceses.

New Musical Studies.

—o:—

ON TOUCH.

By BERNHARD ALTHAUS.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

EXPRESSION requires longer time, longer touch. The last series of prolonged notes are—

RITARDANDO NOTES.

Such notes of course become gradually longer in the same measure as they are played slower, and the surest means of gradually prolonging them and doing justice to the music is gradually to increase the fulness of touch in proportion. For it is by fulness of touch that notes are made longer.

B.—SHORT TOUCH.

I might also call it Abbreviated Touch. This touch has not only to be employed with the so-called staccato notes, already mentioned (December No. 1886, July 1887), for there are other kinds of short notes besides.

Short touch has been very much misunderstood. A great many people seem to consider "short" and "loud" synonymous terms in music, but although loud short notes do often occur, yet short notes need not necessarily be loud. In fact, they may be all manner of things.

There are—

I. NATURALLY SHORT NOTES

viz. those of short duration, which do not all require a dot on the top exactly to make them short. For instance, single, detached or non-connected quavers, semiquavers, demisemiquavers, etc., also small notes (the value of which generally does not amount to more than that of demisemiquavers, or half-demisemiquavers).

Single, naturally short notes always occur after dotted notes, as $\text{d} \cdot \text{d} \cdot \text{d}$, the value of which is three times greater in proportion than that of the following note. If the latter be not played with a short, slight, and elastic touch, it directly becomes too long, and therefore wrong.

I have not mentioned crotchetts among naturally short notes, nor given it a good place among "long notes." It is a medium

between long and short. It can be long or short under certain circumstances.

In a quick movement, for instance, a crotchet, especially if it be the last note of the bar, might very well be considered a short note, and played accordingly. Every note becomes shorter by quick time. The actual value of a crotchet in a quick piece may diminish to that of a quaver, or even a triplet quaver. For instance, in a piece in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, Allegro, when the time is counted by dotted minims.

2. ACCIDENTALLY ABBREVIATED NOTES.

Such a note as, for instance—

The last note of a slurred group.



Every group of notes connected by a slur (or also not connected like)—



is of course meant to be set apart and separated from the other. Such separation cannot take place without a loss, which has to be borne by the last note of the group. To effect this separation, the finger has to be drawn off this last note. This must be done slowly and gently in a slow movement; sharply and swiftly in a quick one.

3. STACCATO, STACCATISSIMO, AND LEGATO-STACCATO NOTES.

These have already been discussed in the preceding chapter, with regard to the manner of raising the fingers. I only add here that the

Plain staccato notes . . .

are best played with the tips of the fingers lightly dropped on the keys, yet with this clause, that they ought to lose $\frac{1}{4}$ of their value in a slow, and $\frac{1}{2}$ or even $\frac{1}{3}$ in a quick or exceedingly quick movement respectively. With the

Staccatissimo notes . . .

the fingers ought to be curved in touching, and taken up at once. In fact, touch and withdrawal of finger must be simultaneous. The notes lose $\frac{1}{2}$ of their value.

In a presto or pre-toissit it is advisable to use the staccatissimo touch (, ,) instead of the plain staccato (.,.), for, when quick notes are played in an exceedingly quick time, they naturally must also become excessively short in duration, and the touch must be in accordance. Sensible editors of classical works have therefore often substituted the pointed dot for the plain dot.

When, however, naturally long, or at least comparatively long, notes are to be played staccato or staccatissimo, like the following—

Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique."



or in the Sonata in A flat, Op. 26,



they must be played full as well as short, or else they would become too short.

Fulness of touch also here would produce the right quantity of length. A short minim is a totally different thing from a short crotchet, likewise a short dotted quaver (see Ex.) is a far superior note to the short semiquaver which succeeds it, and therefore requires a comparatively fuller as well as short touch.

(This subject will be mentioned again in the chapter on Complicated Touches, to which also belongs the so-called legato-staccato, which, as its name shows, is a mixture of two touches).

There are, therefore, not only

SHORT "SHORT" NOTES,

but also

LONG SHORT NOTES,

which fact may be news to some of my readers.

To be quite in keeping with our subject (*short* touch), I have tried to make this part of the fourth article as short as possible. Brevity would here more particularly seem the "soul of wit!" I trust I have not altogether disappointed my readers.

That "short" may be also *soft* (or soft), we shall learn in the following essay.

CHAPTER V.

ON SOFT AND LOUD TOUCH.

A.—SOFT TOUCH.

I AM afraid ours is an age of exaggeration. To overstrain nerves and muscles seems to be the order of the day. It is at any rate a very noisy age.

The scramble and noise of life has created a vast deal of new and peculiar annoyances, new wants, new diseases, along with some very grand and excellent things. Both its virtues and vices are great. This age has (among other vices) created a very noisy style of playing the piano, a style which is particularly annoying and irritating to the nerves of a great many people, and has nourished in them a prejudice and dislike to "music." Of course, noise is not music, but how often is it offered as such.

On the other hand, a great deal of nonsense has been talked about "soft playing;" indeed, some people have got a "wee bit soft" on it. It has been exalted as a thing of superlative merit that some people play "so soft;" indeed, I have heard it called "the only right way of playing."

Now, *every* touch is right in its proper place! I confess to liking a soft touch myself. But it is no use to be one-sided. Music, or rather here in particular the art of playing the piano,

is a very many-sided art! It has not only to be looked at from a straightforward point of view, to begin with! We have to look up, down, to the right, to the left, and behind as well! In fact, the subject has to be considered from every point of view, if we wish to do it justice.

The soft touch is, of itself, a most agreeable thing, but it is only one in a very large number of touches. It is just as limited, perhaps, in its application as all others, although it might, with advantage (in a general way), be more widely employed than, for instance, the *loud* touch. We can bear more of the one than the other. Yet, "music" itself, and the individual claims and necessities of each separate piece of music, must always be paramount, and never subordinate, to our personal likes or dislikes. If we dislike a piece marked by the composer to be played with great force, we better leave it alone. It is not written for us. Schumann, for instance, prescribes (in the "Carnaval de Vienne") at one place "with the greatest force" (Mit grösster kraft).

We have no right, therefore, to act direct against his intentions, and spoil the piece by playing it tamely and gently. Likewise we need not, like mad things, punch and thump out every single note. Our common sense must teach us to discriminate, to moderate our force in proper places. No doubt there are a few pieces of music which can altogether be played with a generally more or less delicate and soft touch. (Note this, "more or less!") The whole tenor of such pieces is of a generally soft description. Yet even here a constant gradation of touch must take place, a great variety of delicate *nuances* (or shadings) have to be introduced, while keeping strictly within the boundary of soft playing. And there is hardly one slow movement by a great composer without a few notes marked *sforzando* or *rinfoso*, or *f* or *ff*, which, of course, have to be played as indicated, subject, however, to the dictates of good taste, common sense, the impetuous ardour of touch being slightly modified, so as not to overstep the line of beauty, and produce exaggeration. On the other hand, the player who altogether disregards the forte marks, and goes on mooning and spooning tamely and softly, is also decidedly in the wrong, and more so than the other. The one sins by giving way to the superabundance of feeling or spirit, the other by *indifference* and lack of feeling!

Most people would prefer the former. No one has the slightest right to annihilate, alter, or wilfully deface a piece of good music because he or she, or her or his friends prefer it "all soft!" We will therefore say: the general character of a piece of beautiful slow music, be it an *andante*, *adagio*, *largo*, *largo*, with regard to execution, may certainly best be kept within the bounds of soft touch, while allowing for a very great variety of shading. But though we move within this circle of general softness, there is no reason why it should not (in the case of a great composer like Beethoven) be exceptionally and occasionally broken for the sake of contrast; only do not let us *thump*!

There is every reason to suspect that without a few very full or *ff* notes or passages, even a piece of slow music (even when otherwise well and correctly played) would decidedly run the risk of dragging, and so perhaps weary and bore both player and audience.

A piece must not be played so that the hearers can fall asleep over it. One *ff* note or chord is often sufficient to attract and ensure fresh attention and interest.

Pure beauty, in the abstract, certainly can only be represented in music within the limits of a generally moderate—that is, if not altogether a soft, at all events not a *loud*—touch! Only in measure, in moderation, is beauty to be found! But even a few, we will not exactly say *loud*, but rather *very rich* and *full* single notes or chords may also be very beautiful. It is *exaggeration* rather, which must be avoided. Do not play on a piano which makes *thumping* necessary to produce full notes. Always have the best possible instrument you can procure, a full-toned piano, a grand piano if possible, on which rich, full, sweet, and delicate sounds can be produced, and this rather by the *pressure* of your fingers, and the judicious use of the pedal, than by *striking* the notes or punching them!

We will now discuss the necessary details of soft touch and its proper application. Every piece of music (like a great many other things, prosy or poetical) is, after all, composed of a thousand trifles, little things, which yet go to make up a whole, be it small or grand.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

LONDON AND NEW YORK—NOVELLO, EWER, & CO.
Original Compositions for the Organ, Nos. 89, 96, and 99, by F. J. Read, F.C.O., J. H. Wallis (of Holy Trinity Church), and F. W. Bird respectively. (2s. each.)
THESE are all good compositions, especially the latter two. No. 96, a march, though not very "original," is well arranged, and forms a grand organ prelude; while No. 99, termed by the composer a "Theme," is worthy of more consideration still, and shows a wealth of invention with a richness of instrumentation, the theme itself being exceedingly pretty.

Transcriptions from the work of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy for the Organ, No. 4, by G. Calkin. (2s.)
This contains four sacred airs from Mendelssohn. The organ setting is good, though perhaps more suitable themes might be chosen, which would give Mr. Calkin a larger scope.

I will magnify Thee, O God. Psalm exlv. John Maude Cramp, Mus. Bac. Oxon. (2s. ed.)
This is a very superior and altogether beautiful work, consisting of the above Psalm set in nine numbers to melodious, adequate,

well-arranged music for any number of voices and accompaniment. It would perhaps be difficult to say too much of this excellent composition. It can be divided into two or more ordinary-sized anthems; or some of the choruses and recitatives form a complete theme in themselves, and will be found amply sufficient for various occasions. The composer says he intends the entire work to meet the demands of Choral Societies, Church Festival Associations, etc., and it can be had scored for full orchestra and also for strings and organ. We need only add that great care and attention have evidently been devoted to the subject, and the work contains a mine of rich, sacred, vocal music, and will undoubtedly be a source of pleasure in the music-loving family as well as in the concert room and the Church.

Morning and Evening Service, with the Office for the Holy Communion, by Harvey Lohr, in C. (1s.)
This is written in a somewhat different style to that which at present obtains in our Churches, and we doubt if it will find any very great favour among organists and choirs, though some parts of the work are well fitted to the subject.

When the Ungodly are Green as the Grass, anthem, by John Heywood (4d.)
is a very pretty, effective, and flowing little anthem, suitable for almost any occasion, and written in a simple, easy style.

Hymn of the Church Militant. With words by the Rev. W. H. Kirby, set to music by John Heywood. (3d. each; 2s. 3d. per doz.)
Words and music are both good, and the Hymn is worthy of a place in the Hymn Book.

Psalm xxiv, set to an ancient theme for Festival use, by John Heywood. (ad. each; 1s. 4d. per doz.)
All Mr. Heywood's music is good, and this arrangement is no exception.

Pianoforte Albums, Nos. 18 and 19, Compositions by Fritz Spindler. (1s. each.)
Those of our readers who are not acquainted with Spindler's style, will find these compositions pretty and light, and written in a masterly, graceful manner, suitable for drawing-room entertainments. No. 18 contains "Le Carillon," and No. 19 his famous "Spinning Song."

Six Vocal Duets, by F. H. Cowen. (2s. 6d.)
We unfortunately fail to find any very great beauty in these compositions. They are written in a less "taking" style than his "Better Land" and others; though they are not devoid of grace and depth of meaning, and form a good study for those who admire Mr. Cowen's productions.

Ten Songs, to Poems of Robert Burns, by Geo. J. Bennett. (2s. 6d.)
These have a very sweet and peculiar rhythm about them, strangely fitting to the words. They are melodious, and decidedly "Scottish," seeming exactly to interpret Burns feelings.

Six Vocal Duets, composed by Oliver King (2s. 6d.)
are worthy of recommendation, words and music alike being good and suitable to one another. Where the composer is his own poet, this indispensable union of idea can be better obtained.

More than Crown of Monarch precious. Soprano solo, from A. C. Mackenzie's favourite *Jubilee Ode*. (2s. net.)
It is a good idea to print this piece (which forms quite a song in itself) in a separate form, and it should have a large sale.

Cavatina in F, for Violoncello, with Piano accompaniment, by Francesco Berger. (1s. 6d. net.)
This seems to be a very pretty and enticing composition; and will form an excellent addition to the not overstocked selection of cello solos.

Concone's Forty Lessons for Contralto is one of the series of a new edition of Concone's celebrated voice exercises. Messrs. Novello are bringing out, edited by Alberto Randegger. (1s. 6d.)
It is needless to speak of the great value and usefulness of these lessons; and this edition appears to be carefully got up, with, of course, a pianoforte accompaniment to each exercise.

Three Part-Songs for S.A.T.B., by John Greig, M.A., Mus. Bac., F.C.O. (3d.)
It is difficult to give a criticism upon such tiny compositions (occupying 3 anthem pages only); but what there is, is decidedly bright and cheerful, and we should advise a larger subject to be undertaken.

Pianoforte Album, No. 23. Seven Compositions by Rheinberger (1s.), whose works are sufficiently well known in Germany, and probably here, not to need our criticism. Josef Rheinberger is a professor of counterpoint at Munich, and a very profuse composer.

Schwanengesang—vol. iv. of Schubert's Songs—containing 14 *Swan Songs*, and Being this great master's last work, written in 1828. (1s. 6d.)

It is a great advantage to be able to obtain works of real merit so cheap, and the public should gladly avail themselves of it. English words by Dr. Troutbeck.

Ragghianto. Nine Morceaux de Salon. (2s. 6d.)
These are very peculiar out-of-the-ordinary compositions, possessing a certain fantastic charm; though we cannot find anything to really admire in them. They are not without a kind of rhythmic beauty, and are rather difficult of rendering.

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LONDON—WEEKES & CO., HANOVER STREET, REGENT STREET.

Drei Kinderlieder, for two Violins and Piano. (4s.)
Three very nice morceaux for the drawing-room; short, but

sweet. M. Eugene Polonaski can usually be relied upon for producing only first-class music.

Gavotte in G, for Violin and Piano. (4s.)
By the same composer. Simple and easy, yet brilliant and effective.

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LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

Sketches for Violin and Piano, by Charles Hoby. No. 1. An "Adieu" (1s.)
forms a sweetly pretty piece for the close of an evening entertainment. It is set in slow time, and shows a good knowledge of harmony and effect in its composition, and places Mr. Hoby rather above the average violin writer of the present day.

Kaledairi. Song. Words by H. F. Wilson. Music by Claude Barton. (2s. net.)
An extremely beautiful, melodious song of the "sentimental" class; but with a more than ordinary depth of fervour in words and music. Though perhaps not strictly original, it possesses a distinct individuality, and is worthy of careful study.

Here in my Bounding Boat. Barcarole. Words by Sigma. Music, with violin or 'cello obligato, by Charles Hoby. (4s.)
It has a very nice rhythm about it, and we can recommend it for light drawing-room use.

All Forgiven. Song. By Joseph Clarkson. (4s.)
This song has a most original and sweetly pathetic air, and can hardly fail to become popular, both on account of its "taking" refrain and because it forms a splendid specimen of good harmony, and shows that Mr. Clarkson understands the requirements of singers. Mr. Clarkson evidently possesses ability as a song writer.

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MANCHESTER—JOHN HEYWOOD.

Interrupted Wedding. Song. By Allen Allen. (4s.)
Sweet and dainty; words are dramatic, but the song is easy.

Lovers' Farewell. Song. By Vernon Adelaide. (4s.)
Not a bad song for a mediocre singer.

Primrose Waltz, by Pierre Anson. (4s.)

A by no means undesirable addition to the portfolio of dance music.

Evening Song, for the Piano, by J. Clarkson (4s.) and *Professional March*. (4s.)
Mr. Clarkson does not seem to be so happy in pianoforte pieces; the above two are pretty and easy, but seem to lack any special interest.

N.B.—The above five 4s. pieces may be obtained post free from J. Heywood for 2s. 6d.! Marvellously cheap!

Clarkson's Musical Pictures for Young Children. (1s.)
A picture-book of bright-coloured plates, designed to teach very young children the first elements of music in an attractive, easy way. Relative value of notes is taught by signs upon the words used in the verses describing the pictures. The idea is good; we should like to see it enlarged and improved upon.

Short Easy Melodies. Composed and arranged, with instructions for acquiring the art of Playing at Sight, by Joseph Clarkson. Book I. (4s.)

There is no doubt a great number of people are really deficient in "sight reading," which deficiency causes a deal of annoyance and vexation to themselves and others. The good point about these arrangements of Mr. Clarkson's is that he uses three staves, which are to be read and played together. There can be no doubt that this style of reading and practising is excellent for enabling the eye to grasp a larger number of notes at one sight; the lack of which faculty, and of that of reading ahead of where you are playing, are undoubtedly the causes of inefficiency in playing at sight.

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LONDON—HART & CO., 22 PATERNOSTER ROW.
Golden Shore. Song. Words and music by Alfred H. Miles. (2s. net.)

This is a splendid dramatic sea song, something similar in plot and style of composition to Mr. Michael Watson's "Anchored." The composer shows much ability in this song. "Tally Ho!" hunting song (2s. net), and "Forfeits," song (2s. net), by the same author, are also good; but Mr. Miles does not seem to have devoted so much thought to these.

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LONDON—CHAPPELL & CO.
Scottish Melodies, arranged for the pianoforte and violin, by F. T. G. Randallson. Books 1 and 2. (4s. each.)
The title explains itself. Each book contains a dozen or so well-known airs. The setting seems good.

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LONDON—ROBERT COCKS & CO.
Esop's Fables, illustrated by short pianoforte pieces, by Michael Watson. (3s. each.)

Mr. Watson intends these only as light, easy, and effective compositions, and judging from Nos. 1 and 2, to hand, they will become favourite pieces with young ladies fond of practising, as well as forming pleasant interludes between more serious works on other occasions.

We must really apologize for the non-appearance of the promised answers to our correspondents. Matters connected with the management of the Magazine have lately made exceptionally heavy demands on our time and energy; but next month we hope without fail to resume the pleasant duty of affording such advice as it may be in our power to give.

ED.





Nikitin

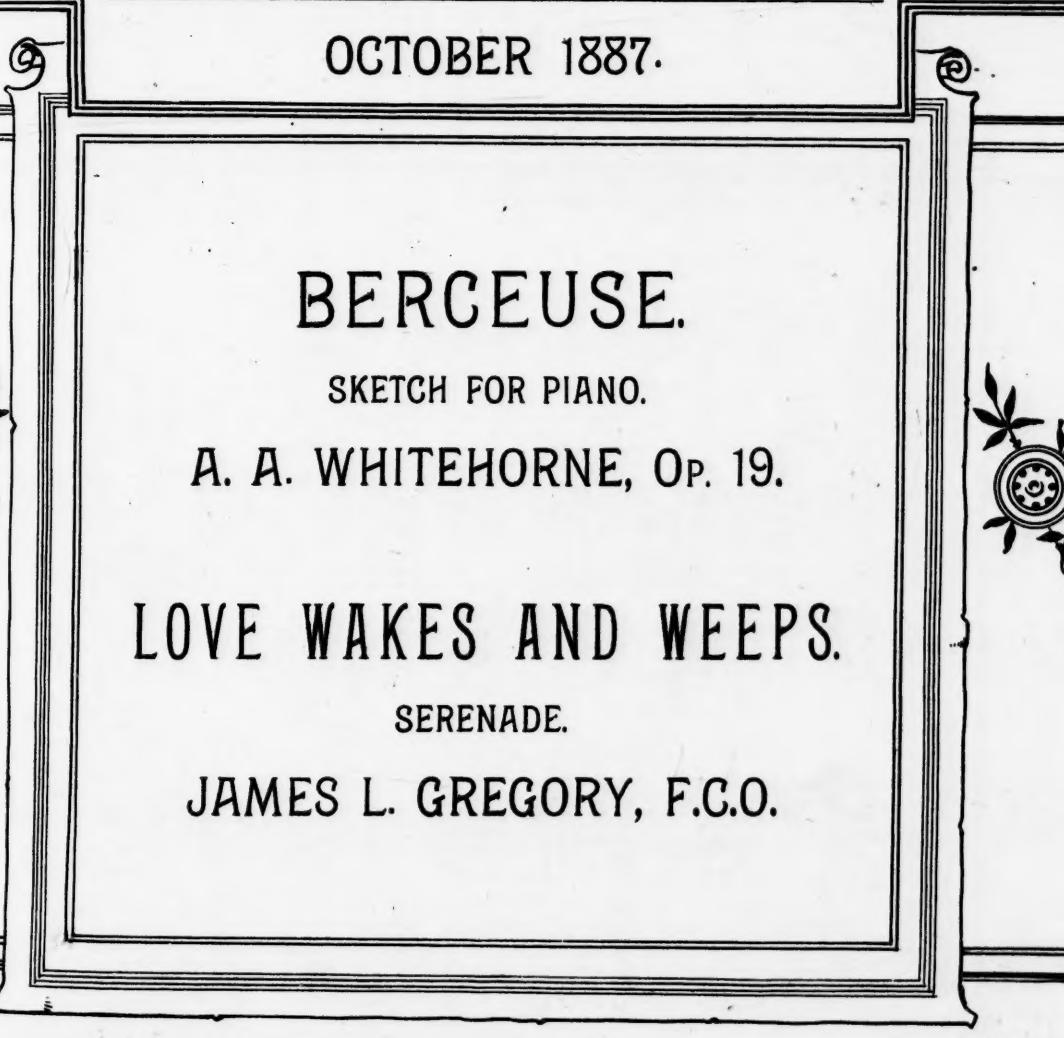




MAGAZINE OF MUSIC

SUPPLEMENT.

OCTOBER 1887.



BERCEUSE.

SKETCH FOR PIANO.

A. A. WHITEHORNE, OP. 19.

LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

SERENADE.

JAMES L. GREGORY, F.C.O.

SIX MUSICAL SKETCHES.

Nº 1. BERCEUSE.

A. A. WHITEHORNE, OP. 19.

Adagio.

PIANO.

Allegretto ma non troppo.

P. 19.

The musical score is a page from a piano piece. It features two staves: a treble staff on top and a bass staff on the bottom. The key signature is four sharps, and the time signature is common time (indicated by 'C'). The tempo is Allegretto ma non troppo. The score is divided into five measures. Measure 51 begins with a dynamic marking 'p' (piano) and consists of two measures of eighth-note chords. Measures 52 and 53 follow with eighth-note chords and sixteenth-note patterns. Measures 54 and 55 continue this pattern. Measure 56 concludes with a final chord. The notation includes various note heads, stems, and bar lines.

SIR
PIA

LOVE WAKES AND WEEPS.

Words by
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

SERENADE.

Music by
JAMES L. GREGORY.
F. C. O.

Andante tenermente.

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The first staff, labeled "PIANO.", shows the harmonic progression with bass notes and chords. The subsequent four staves are for the voice, each with a melodic line and lyrics. The lyrics are as follows:

Love wakes and weeps, While
 beau ty sleeps O, for mu sic's soft est
 num bers, To prompt a theme, For beau ty's dream,.....

The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are written in soprano range. The piano part includes dynamic markings like *mf* and *p*, and various rests and note heads.

Soft as the pil - low of..... her slum - bers

Soft as the pil - low of..... her slum - bers, Thro' groves of

palm, Sigh gales..... of balm, Fire - flies

on..... the air..... are wheel - ing, While from the

gloom, Comes sweet per - fume, The dis - tant
 beds of flow - ers re - veal - - ing, O wake and
 live, No dream can give, a sha - dow'd
 bliss The real..... ex - cel - ling, No long - er

rall. e dim. molto *a tempo pp*
cres. *poco*

sleep, From lat - tice peep, And list to the
 tale that love is tell - ing List to the
 tale that love is tell - ing.

f